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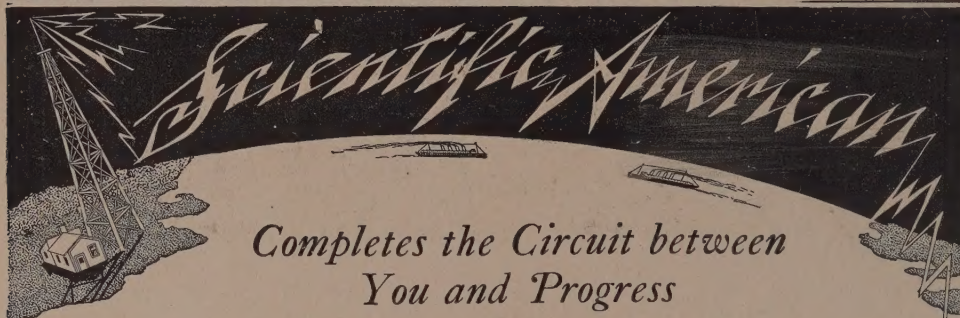


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Mrs. Chanfrau Dead

In the death, at Burlington, N. J., recently, of Henrietta E. Chanfrau, the dramatic profession loses one who, in its yesterdays, was widely known as intimately associated in her work with the foremost actors and actresses of her time, and as widely admired for her possession of an art which, in a stage career of more than thirty years, had carried her with marked success through the whole range of the legitimate drama.

Born, nearly seventy-one years ago, of an old Philadelphia family, Henrietta Baker, after the deaths of her parents when she was yet in her early teens, turned to the stage at the suggestion of a cousin, first appearing at the old Arch Street house of her native city, and soon after at the original Walnut Street Theatre. In those



THE LATE MRS. CHANFRAU

first days behind the footlights she supported the elder Mrs. John Drew and Charlotte Cushman, soon after meeting and playing with Edwin Booth in Baltimore. With the Booths, husband and wife, as with the Jeffersons, she was for many years on terms of friendly intimacy, playing Ophelia to Booth's Hamlet during his famous hundred-nights run in New York, and portraying the matron Portia in the even more noted production of "Julius Caesar," in which the three brothers, Edwin as Brutus, Junius as Cassius and John Wilkes, of unhappy memory, as Mark Anthony—the last named making the hit of the evening!) made their only stage appearance together. Miss Baker had before this been married to Frank S. Chanfrau, and for a time acted in his companies, but the range of her capacity was wider than his and carried her to larger work. For some years she was with Forrest, and later with the elder Davenport, Wallack, Fechter, and William Warren. In the seventies, while lessee and manager of the famous old "Varieties Theatre" at New Orleans, she "discovered" Mary Anderson, then playing Julia in "The Hunchback" at an obscure playhouse.

At the time of the husband's death, in '85, the Chanfraus were members of that dramatic colony which for years made Long Branch famous,—the Booths, Mary Anderson, the Albaughs, the Hendersons, Maggie Mitchell Abbot, and others of their friends—but Mrs. Chanfrau soon after left the stage, eventually removing to Philadelphia, where she has lived until recently, when she took up her home at Burlington.

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AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. Arthur Prince, the well-known ventriloquist, was a big attraction at this popular house recently. A sketch entitled "A Wild Rose," presented by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Forbes and Company, was also vociferously received. Another source of much amusement was the original "Joe Broganny Troupe of Lunatic Bakers." Billie Dillon received a warm welcome. There was also much applause for the Withington Zouaves. The American is deservedly one of the most popular vaudeville houses in town.

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

B. H. H., Albuquerque, N. M.—Q.—Has Billie Burke appeared in vaudeville at any time during the last two years? A.—No, she has not. The past year, 1908-09, Miss Burke has been starring in "Love Watches," and the year previous to that she was seen with John Drew in "My Wife." The latter part of 1905, at the Palace Theatre, London, was the last time Billie Burke was seen in vaudeville.

Altoona, Pa.—Q.—Kindly tell me something of H. B. Warner's life. A.—He is a son of Charles Warner, the famous actor. Was born and educated in London and made his debut in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." He appeared for some time with his father and also with Mrs. Lewis Waller, then with Marie Tempest, Arthur Bourchier, Beerbohm Tree and Sir Charles Wyndham. In 1905 he came to America as Eleanor Robson's leading man, creating several roles among which were John Danbury in "Nurse Marjorie," Lord Rathbone in "Susan in Search of a Husband," and the Man in "Salome Jane." As Philip Ames in "The Battle" he added to his successes and will shortly be seen in the principal part in Edwin Milton Royle's drama, "These Are My People."

H. B. D., Chicago—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of the late James A. Herne, Julie Herne and Chrystal Herne? A.—Pictures of Chrystal Herne appeared in August 1907, August 1906 and May 1903, and of Julie Herne in our October 1906, April, September and October 1905. Q.—What are the prices of the numbers? A.—1907 numbers are 35 cents; 1906 numbers 40 cents; 1905 numbers 50 cents and 1903 numbers \$1.25, per copy. Q.—Where may I get pictures of Lawrence Wheat and scenes from "Going Some"? A.—A portrait of Lawrence Wheat appeared in the July 1908 number of the THE THEATRE MAGAZINE and a scene from "Going Some" in May 1909.

S. S.—Q.—In what will Doris Keane be seen? A.—She is at present appearing in "Arsene Lupin" at the Lyceum Theatre.

H. H. D. K.—Q.—Where may I procure portraits of the older players, such as Booth, Jefferson, Mary Anderson, etc.? A.—We know of no place where these portraits may be purchased. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has from time to time published pictures of the old-time players, for instance, in the following numbers appeared pictures of the Booths, November 1907, March 1905, May 1904, December 1903 and February and July 1902; of Joseph Jefferson in April 1907, June, July and the July colored cover of 1905, and July 1904; of Mary Anderson in October 1906, April and November 1905 and December 1903.

Helen B., West 74th St.—Q.—Is William Hampton the correct name of the actor who took the part of Manson in "The Servant in the House"? A.—You refer, do you not, to Walter Hampden? Mr. Hampden's full name is Walter Hampden Dougherty.

A. E. H., Phila.—Q.—Is Richard Bennett Maude Adams' leading man at present? A.—Yes. Q.—Where was he born? A.—In Deacon's Mills, Indiana.

Lewis S. T., Brooklyn.—Q.—What is the best way to secure a position as chorus man? A.—Apply to managers and agencies. Q.—When is a good time to apply? A.—Preferably when managers are forming their companies, and this is largely done the latter part of the summer.

S. S., New York.—Q.—Have you published portraits of Julia Marlowe as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" and as Ophelia? A.—No, we have not. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe appear with Sothern next season? A.—Both Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will open their season as members of the New Theatre.

New Victor Records

Hardly has the musical season started than the Victor Talking Machine Company already announces a formidable array of new records in the new red seal series. Foremost among them are those of the much-heralded tenor, Leo Slezak, who arrives in New York with the stamp of approval of all musical Europe. To show his appreciation, the singer has chosen some of the French, Italian and German masterpieces for his first attempt at making records. They are as follows:

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A Prelude of Rachaminoff, executed on the piano by Wilhelm Breckhauss, is a beautiful rendition of this difficult piece. A Tosti Ballad is always good to hear, but when sung by the great Tetrizzini it is an artistic treat, and all owners of a Victor will add "Aprile" to their library.

For some time past a famous and celebrated organization, the *Orchestre Syphonique* of Paris, has been making records for the Victor Company.

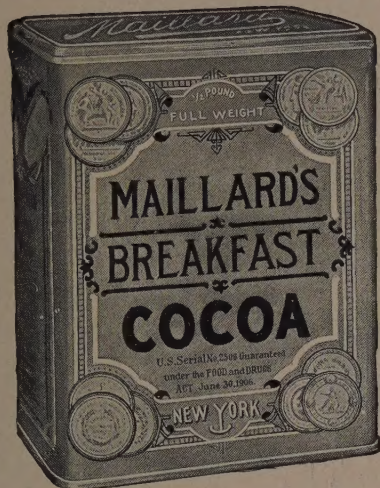
The quality of tone produced by this body of players is exquisite and is reproduced with absolute fidelity.

Music lovers will note with pleasure that the orchestra has for its first records chosen two numbers from Gounod's Faust. The first is the mysterious prelude, expressing the brooding of Faust, relieved, however, by the cavatina of Valentine on the wood-wind, and closing with sustained chords, solemn and impressive.

The second is the first part of the ballet music, now seldom performed.

Gounod placed his ballet between the death of Valentine and the Prison Scene; called it a Walpurgis Night, set it in a mountain fastness amid ruins, and called to the scene the classic queens, Helen, Phryne and Cleopatra, who danced to weird and distorted versions of melodies from the opera.

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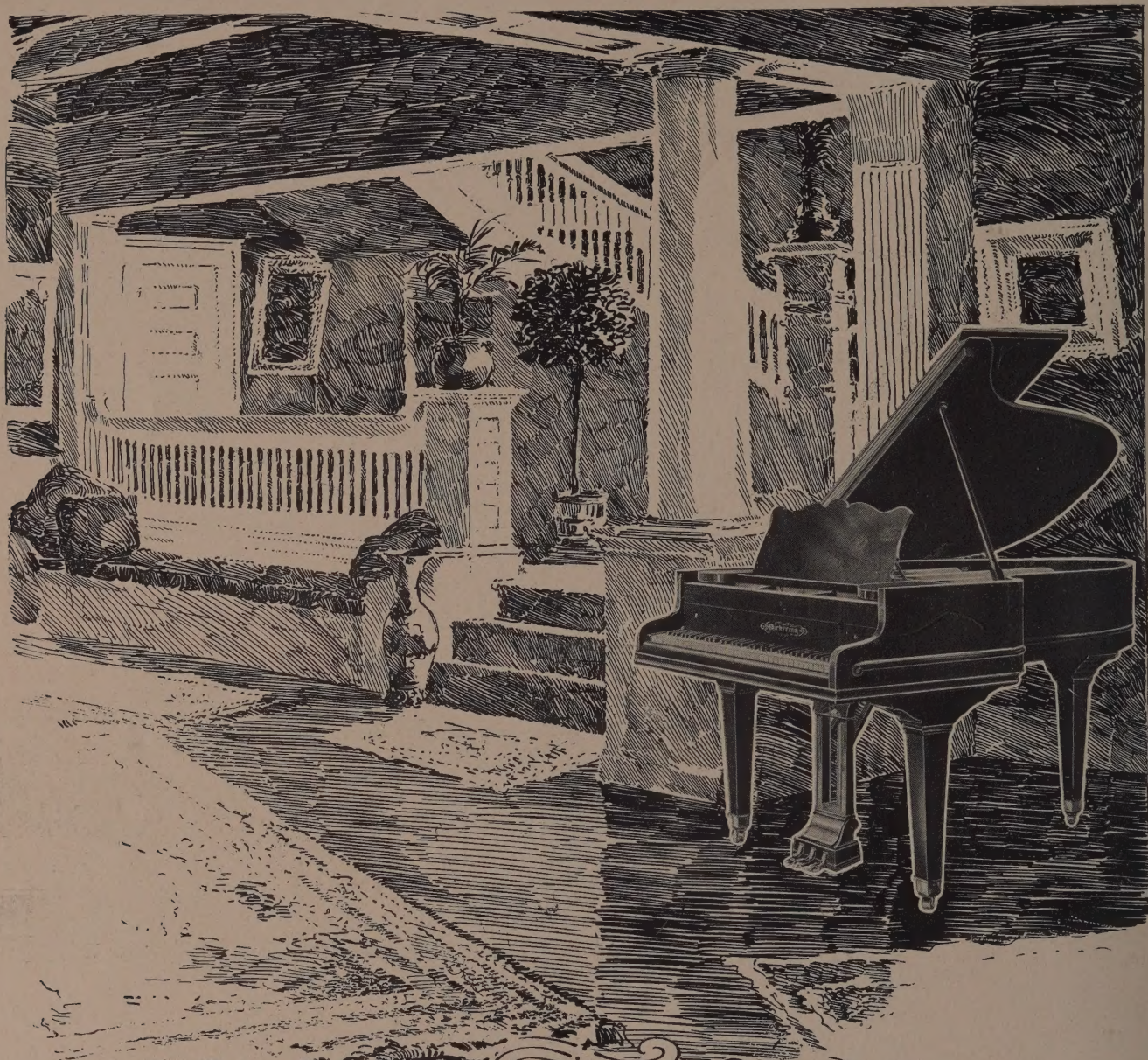
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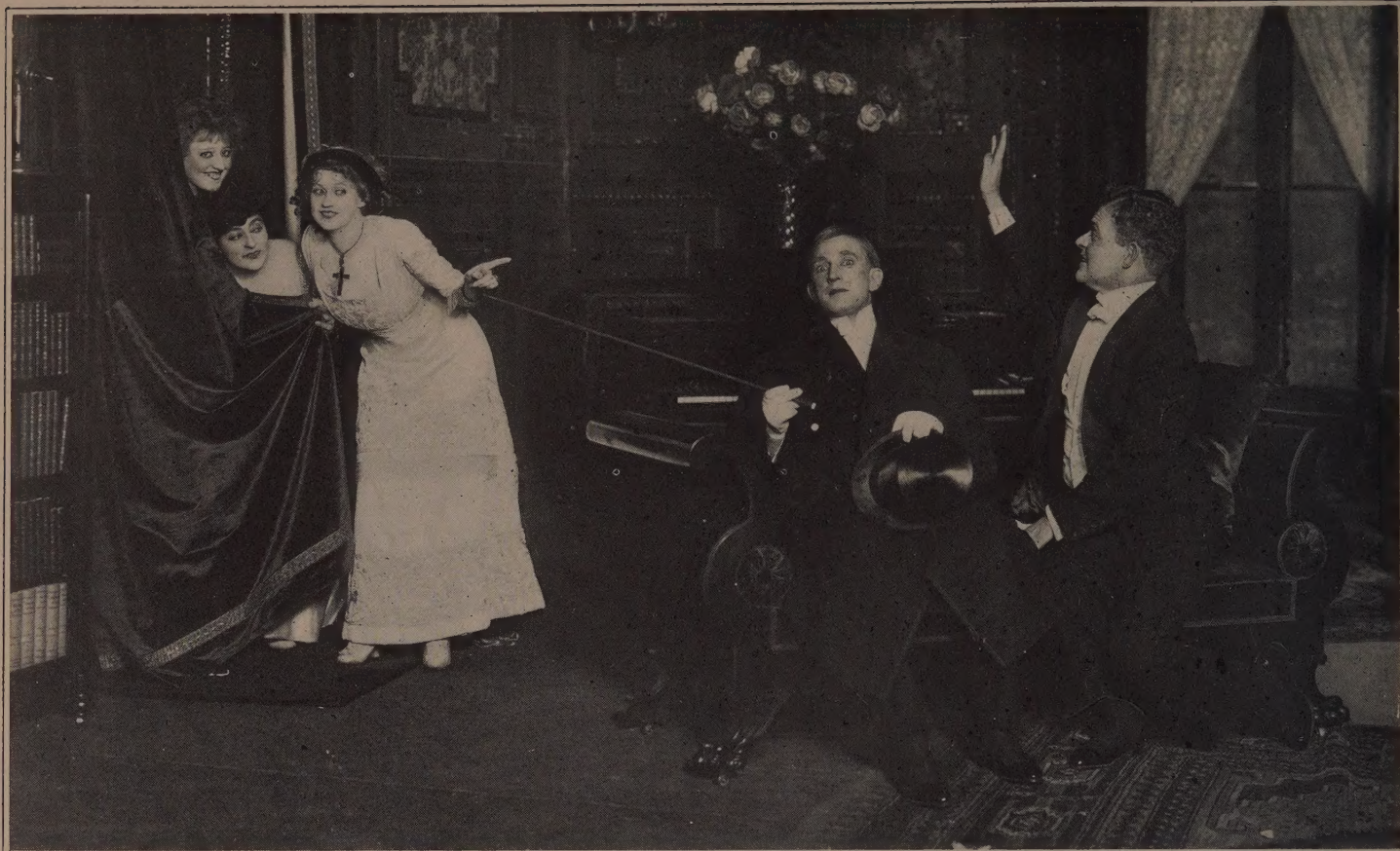
Evelyn Weeden

Forbes Robertson

Act II. Vivian: "You are——?"

The Third Floor Back: "A fellow lodger; good night."

SCENE IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE



White Lora Lieb Flora Zabelle Frances Gordon Raymond Hitchcock Scott Welsh
SCENE IN "THE MAN WHO OWNS BROADWAY" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK." Play in 3 acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Joey Wright.....Allen	Thomas
Christopher Penny.....David Powell	Miss Kite.....Haidee Wright
Major Tompkins.....Montague Rutherford	Mr. Percival de Hooley.....Mary Relph
Mrs. Tompkins.....Kate Carlyon	Stasia.....Molly Pearson
Vivian.....Evelyn Weeden	Mrs. Sharpe.....Madge Avery
Jape Samuels.....A. G. Poulton	The Third Floor Back.....Forbes-Robertson

A modern morality—such is "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." A sermon of potent force, charm and graciousness—such is Jerome K. Jerome's latest output, which serves to re-introduce to local theatregoers the splendid art of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Why cavil if this delicate and interesting little story of spiritual uplift does not measure up to the accepted standards of conventional stage technique? Must there always be a "situation" for purposes of drama? At first this idea gained force in London, where the piece was originally produced, and its tenure seemed destined for a short life. But gradually its potent force appealed to even the jaded patron of the play, and from a dubious start it developed into one of the big hits of the season and ran for more than three hundred nights in the English metropolis.

Strictly speaking, it is not a play. It is just a story acted out by real men and women. The scene is a London boarding house with its group of characteristic guests. The spirit of the establishment, however, is an unhappy one. Envy, jealousy, bickering, distrust and dishonesty stalk abroad. Into this household comes a passerby—symbolic of better things. His gentle presence, his kindly help directed to each in turn restores the moral tone in all, and his work accomplished, "The Third Floor Back" as he is called, leaves to carry on his work of regeneration elsewhere.

But Mr. Jerome has told this little fairy story with much plausibility, literary refinement and no little skill in the delineation of the several boarders. It is altogether a delightful entertainment, and, presented by the star and his English company with admirable skill, leaves in the mind of all who see it a feeling of distinct moral uplift.

In the rôle of The Passer-By, the exquisite art of Mr. Forbes-Robertson is seen at its best. Preachy but never pedantic, he roams through its three acts with a spiritual exaltation that is marvelously moving and beautifully poetic. His elocution is ideal.

At the Theatres

But grateful as we should be for such offerings, who can but deplore the pity of it that such noble gifts should not be directed toward the accomplish-

ment of the enduring portraits of tremendous art. Public apathy towards what is best must reap only commercialism as its reward.

Capital types were presented and realized by Miss Haidee Wright as a painted and sharp-tongued spinster, by Madge Avery as the landlady, by Allen Thomas as a bookmaker, by David Powell as an artist and by Miss Evelyn Tompkins as a distracted young woman, who would sell herself. But it would be unfair in summing up not to say each member of the cast was excellent.

EMPIRE. "INCONSTANT GEORGE." Comedy in 3 acts by R. De Flers and A. De Caillavet, adapted by Gladys Unger. Produced Sept. 29. Cast:

George Bullin.....John Drew	Micheline.....Mary Boland
Lucien de Versannes.....Martin Sabine	Odette de Versannes.....Adelaide Prince
Morand.....Frederick Tiden	Fanchon Chancelle.....Jane Laurel
Adolphus.....Rex MacDougal	Vivette Lambert.....Desmond Kelly
Giraud.....W. Soderling	Baroness Stecke.....Marie Berkeley
Butler.....Bernard Fairfax	Madame de Lamond.....Carlotta Doty
Page Boy.....Robert Schable	Louise.....Alice Soderling

"Inconstant George," a Parisian farce-comedy, which makes our Empire Theatre seem very close to the boulevards, and provides John Drew with perhaps the most ineffably John-Drew-ish rôle he has ever played, is the Gymnase success originally entitled "L' Ane de Buridan," by the French authors of "My Wife" and "Love Watches." Buridan's donkey, in the old familiar French fable, is the animal that starved to death 'twixt a bundle of hay and a bucket of water, because he couldn't make up his mind which of the two he wanted most. In the play the amiable ass is George Bullin, an all-round adorer of the fair sex, who always has three or four love affairs on hand simultaneously, so that they "overlap." Only, the course of George's inconstant love runs gaily, if not smoothly,—is a feast rather than a famine,—and the moral of his fable is immoral but happy.

Men—as George's elderly friend Lucien de Versannes observes—are divided into two classes: those who love women, and those who understand them. George just loves, and lets it go at that. Lucien understands women, so he says, consequently he is correct, and has no fun at all. One of George's passing affinities happens to be Lucien's wife; but a little trifle like that,

between old friends, would not be worth mentioning, were it not complicated with the fact that George is at the same time writing mis-spelled but ardent and compromising letters to a pretty widow cousin of Lucian's, in whom the latter is also interested. Lucian puts the whole situation into a nutshell, by simply and genially inviting his friend to "Choose!" Now, inasmuch as George's fundamental disorder is "anaemia of the will power," a choice or decision, especially where women are concerned, is the one thing of which he is hopelessly incapable. There is a music hall singer tangled up in the skein, too—but she does not count. The real and portentous Complication No. 3 is a little orphan artist-girl named Micheline, the ward of Lucian, and who talks poetically about the sea, and has secretly set her young affections upon Inconstant George. George does not suspect this at first, and it would not make much difference if he did, because he respects and esteems the ingenuous Micheline, and for that reason couldn't possibly love her. Besides, she tells him in artless glee the truthful things which the other women say about him—that he has six cravats to one idea,—that there is barely room enough in his head for him to catch cold there,—that he and his set have to organize a mental syndicate to read the morning newspaper, etc., etc. But Micheline loves him anyway, because she is lonely. This angel child declares she is not such an ingenue as she looks; and we readily believe her, when it develops that she has gauged George's invertebrate character to a nicety, and laid her plans accordingly to make him marry her. She proceeds in the regulation French-comedy way—which, of course, is to climb into his bachelor quarters at the unseasonable hour of 4 A. M., under the innocent pretext of going a-shrimping. This scene, with George in an azure dream of silk pajamas and dressing-gown, is saved by the convenient supposition, already mentioned, that he respects the charming little vixen,



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MISS HAIDEE WRIGHT

Whose beautiful performance as the Painted Lady in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" has attracted much attention

Dexter Moore.....Richard Garrick
Elmer Downs.....William Humphrey
Max Powell.....Thomas Thorne
Joe Dillon.....George W. Middleton
Durkin.....Argyll Campbell
Howard.....Frank Sargent
Jeff.....John MacNeil

and therefore no improper thought of love enters his head. Later on, in the last act, when Micheline repeats her compromising visit, the shoe is on the other foot. George loves her—or would, if she could only forfeit the little of his high esteem and respect that remain. So she makes up a story of a scandalous escape of her own, and even shows the photograph of her alleged lover—it is a picture of Wilbur Wright, bought for the purpose in a celebrity shop. This ruse falls down, but no matter—George's matrimonial finish is in plain sight.

The piece skates on thin ice, but lightness and dash carry it over. There are offenses against good taste, sins of crude adaptation, almost crimes, in fact, of various minor sorts; but the capital crime of dullness can never be charged to "Inconstant George." The John Drew of Mr. Drew is exquisite and inimitable. In the Micheline of Mary Bolland he is lucky enough to have an ingenue support as good as Billy Burke gave him.

WALLACK'S. "THE FOURTH ESTATE." Play in 4 acts by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford. Produced Oct. 6 with this cast:

Wheeler Brand.....	Charles Waldron
Donald Bartelmy.....	Charles A. Stevenson
Edward Dupuy.....	Howell Hansel
Michael Nolan.....	Thomas Findlay
Sylvester Nolan.....	Tom Hadaway
Ross McHenry.....	Robert McWade, Jr.
Photographer.....	Charles Kilby
Pitcher.....	Albert Tweedy
First Artist.....	Harry Rottgardt
Second Artist.....	Robert Babcock
Judith Bartelmy.....	Pauline Frederick
Mrs. Michael Nolan.....	Alice Fischer
Phyllis Nolan.....	Mary Marshall

The newspaper office scenes depicted with realistic effect in "The Fourth Estate," show certain aspects of journalism, but it is a journalism as yellow as the quarantine flag. Just how much the normal playgoing public is interested in such exposures is problematical, and doubtless depends mainly upon the sheer dramatic interest of the particular piece offered, and the manner of its presentation, irrespective of ethical balance or moral



White

Frank Keenan

Maurice Franklin

Hedwig Reicher

Frederick Lewis

Act I. Teploff, Chief of Police, makes a sudden raid in the lodgings of the revolutionists
SCENE IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY DRAMA "ON THE EVE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

complexion. This sort of superficial appeal, the current play at Wallack's undoubtedly makes. It is, however, unpleasant and unsympathetic to a degree; and the fact that the inconsistency and weakness of the intended hero not only spoil his love story, but finally culminate in his suicide, is damaging to his chances for popularity.

Wheeler Brand is a young newspaper man, who believes in writing the truth and taking a high stand against corruption of every sort. This odd propensity first costs him his job, and then as suddenly raises him to the position of managing editor of the paper, over the head of the very man who had been compelled to "fire" him as a concession to a Federal Judge commanding advertising patronage. The reason for this change of policy is that Michael Nolan, the new proprietor of the paper, happens to have a personal grudge against the afore-said magistrate. So he tells Brand to go as far as he likes. Brand continues to hound the Judge, and to shadow him personally at dead of night, notwithstanding the fact that the corrupt Judge's daughter is his own betrothed sweetheart. Having caught the Judge "with the goods," Brand proceeds to trap him into paying a bribe of \$10,000 as the price of silence. Of course this is blackmail; but the newspaper is doing it in the public interest, just to expose corruption. Brand has the story all in type, with a flashlight photograph of the guilty Judge in the act of handing over the bribe money, and is going to run it as a first-page sensation. The Judge's daughter hears of it, rushes down to the newspaper office at midnight, just as the fatal page is going to press, and begs her lover, for humanity's sake, to suppress the awful story. For right's sake (and his own personal glory in landing a "scoop") Brand refuses. Then somebody finds Nolan, the proprietor—who has been strangely absent at this crisis in which he, above all the others, is interested—and he orders the story killed. Instead, the desperate and disappointed managing editor kills himself. His self-written obituary is flashed on the final curtain, in a fac-simile "news special" of brutal brevity.

If this sinister and cynical picture holds public attention for any length of time, it will be thanks mainly to a fine stage setting, and a uniformly admirable cast, in which the principals are Charles Waldron as Brand, Charles A. Stevenson as the Judge, Robert McWade, Jr., as the deposed managing editor, Thomas Findlay as Nolan, Pauline Frederick as the Judge's daughter, and Alice Fischer as Nolan's wife.



White

LILLIAN HERLEIN

Young prima donna who has made a hit as Zoradie in "The Rose of Algeria" at the Herald Square Theatre

DALY'S. "THE WHITE SISTER." Play in 4 acts by F. Marion Crawford and Walter Hackett. Produced Sept. 27 with this cast:

Monsignore Saracinesca...J. O'Neill
 Captain Giovanni Severi...W. Farnum
 Lieutenant Uco Severi...D. Dana
 Doctor Pieri...Joseph Carducci
 Lieutenant Basili...Richie Ling
 Presca...Joseph Carducci
 Countess Chiaramonte...Minna Gale
 Madame Bernard...Fanny A. Pitt
 Portress...Belle Chippendale Warner
 Sister Giovanna...Miss Allen

It may be of absorbing interest to many religious people to witness an acted story which is, strictly speaking, not a play, in which a woman who has taken her first vows as a nun remains faithful to the church in spite of the pleadings of the man she loves and whom she thought had died in a distant war, but now returns eager to wed her. He came back too late. We could imagine a play if he had come back a little earlier. This may seem paradoxical, but, at any rate, he had no chance against the church, and that ended the matter from the beginning. James O'Neill, as a monsignore of the church, lays down the law eloquently and establishes the position of the church in a fine spirit of exaltation. If the White Sister herself had consented to listen to him there might have been a play, but, according to the plan, she is going out to minister to a colony of lepers. With a sense of duty so great as that, it can be foreseen that her lover's appeal or intrigue will not avail. He

lures her to his rooms (handsomely furnished) by some message and demands that she sign an application to the Pope for her release. His apartments are over a powder house or next door to it. In his state of mind he is ready to blow up the powder house, with obvious results. She finally consents to sign the release, because he will shoot himself if she doesn't. A jealous rival of the White Sister, the usual artful cat of melodrama, discovers her in the rooms and will see to it that she will be compromised. There never has been any chance for her soldier lover to regain her, and now he does shoot himself. There is never any perspective, because the play is constantly coming to an end. In the last act the lover dies. If he had not died he could never have been happy with an unhappy wife with a conscience. While there are dramatic incidents in the play, there never being any doubt, progressive and continuous action was always impossible. The play was picturesquely produced, and Miss Viola Allen herself, her pallid face only visible from the folds of her nun's attire, was interesting always. Mr. Crawford was a novelist of quality and not a dramatist. Moreover, in this particular case his theme had long ago and many times been anticipated in romance. James O'Neill gave dignity to the rôle of the Monsignore. Minna Gale made a beautiful Countess Chiaramonte.

CRITERION. "THE NOBLE SPANIARD." Comedy in three acts from the French by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

The Duke of Hermanos..Robert Edeson	Lucy.....Ann Murdock
Mr. Justice Proudfoot...Verner Clarges	Countess de Moret..Cordelia MacDonald
Captain Chalford.....Cyril Chadwick	Lady Proudfoot.....Rose Coghlan
Count de Moret.....Macey Harlam	Mary Jane.....Desiree Lazard
Marion Nairne.....Gertrude Coghlan	

In "The Noble Spaniard" Robert Edeson demonstrates that he is a capable, versatile, graceful, accomplished and spirited actor, with entire naturalness. It was a revelation of unexpected qualities. He has heretofore had some fondness for melodra-

widow, in the gayety of her flirtation, has encouraged her casual admirer to such an extent that his pursuit of her is reasonable from the point of view of a romantic and impassioned Spaniard. After the action is fairly under way, there are many droll and amusing passages carried off delightfully by Mr. Edeson and Gertrude Coghlan. Rose Coghlan plays the part of a silly matron who believes the Spaniard is in love with her. Miss Coghlan in this case gets the minimum of humor out of the maximum of acting, but it is not to be charged against her, but against



White

Act IV. The composing room of a metropolitan newspaper

SCENE IN JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON'S AND HARRIET FORD'S NEWSPAPER PLAY "THE FOURTH ESTATE" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

matic and sometimes empty trickery. Mr. Maugham demonstrated that he can adopt or paraphrase piffle with a cheerfulness that would not be entertained by a writer of substantial gifts. He is clever and superficial. The promise of the play which introduced him a season or two ago, a serious one, although crude, may not be expected to be fulfilled. He has been quoted recently as saying that playwriting with him is a knack, and that to have the knack is all that is required. In other words, he regards playwriting not as an art but as a matter of chance. He may be expected to continue to supply plays with his knack and to become an opportunity without purpose or force. The play is an adaptation. A young widow at a watering place attracts the admiration of an impetuous Spaniard, who, not content with casual encounters on the promenade and with wafting kisses from across the way, suddenly appears before the widow, without waiting to be announced by the maid, and declares his love in such fiery and voluble terms that she, in order to get rid of him, adjures him to cease, because she is married. He can remove that obstacle. He will challenge the husband to a duel and kill him. From this condition of affairs grow the complications. He mistakes three men, one after the other, for the husband, and scatters discord right and left. The idea is an old one, but that does not deprive it of its possibility of humor, for it is fundamental in this form and will exist as long as farce itself is used. Mr. Edeson catches the spirit of the action and is reasonably preposterous in what he does. Mr. Maugham allows the action at times to be unreasonably preposterous. He has probably overlooked some of the modifying points in the original of his adaptation. The basis for the noble Spaniard's presumption is not well laid. It should be shown that the young

Mr. Maugham, who relies upon his knack. The hoopskirts of the Victorian period are not to be relied upon for a farce.

CASINO. "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD." Play in two acts by J. Hartley Manners. Lyrics by Robert B. Smith and Edward Madden. Music by Julian Edwards. Produced Sept. 27 with this cast:

Herman Scholz.....Sam Bernard	The Baron.....Bert Lawrence
Count Hochstetter..Harry Corson Clarke	Burgomaster.....Henry Holt
Felicitas.....Flora Parker	Sergeant.....Thomas Reynolds
Paul.....William Roselle	Captain of the Troop...Percy Hammond
Frantzi.....Harriet Stanton	Kurt.....Max Robertson
Mina.....Bessie Shrednecky	Raoul.....Chas. P. Scales
Gretchen.....Hattie Lorraine	Steiffel.....Samuel Keene
Jake Juggers.....Charles K. Burrows	Schwendemann.....Oliver Sterling
Carl Behrend.....Donald Buchanan	Murietta.....Kitty Gordon
Max Andressen.....Oscar Schwartz	

The title of the opera, "The Girl and the Wizard," is purely arbitrary, for there is no imaginary or pretended wizard of any consequence in the story, but in their acting there is a real one in the person of Mr. Sam Bernard. He extracts comedy from everything he touches, produces it from unexpected places, and smooths out the wrinkles of care largely. The opera has a consistent story, a very slight one, it is true, but it is sane. Its characters have a right to be at large. An imaginary lapidary, played by the real Mr. Bernard, quarrels with his son when he announces his purpose to marry. The son goes off to the army in consequence. The lapidary, who is in a very convenient position with his precious stones to play the game of love, determines that he himself wants to marry, and he is urged on by an impecunious Count with a marriageable daughter. He does not find the way of a man with a maid very difficult with her, for she has an eye to diamonds and is anxious to shine on the stage. He has written a play. His rehearsal of the girl and the leading

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MARIE DELNA, Contralto
(Metropolitan)



LEO DEVEAUX, Tenor
(Metropolitan)



FLORENCE WICKHAM, Contralto
(Metropolitan)



JANE NORIA, Soprano
(Metropolitan)



EDMOND CLEMENT, Tenor
(Metropolitan)



DINH GILLY, Baritone
(Metropolitan)

At the Two Opera Houses

THE atmosphere of New York is not so surcharged as it was with the harmonies of popular price opera. To be quite frank, they were not all harmonies—some of them were discords of the harshest nature, namely, financial discords. Translated into news, this means that the Italian Grand Opera Company, which held forth at the Academy of Music, came to grief. It lasted about one month, during which time it brought to

hearing the conventional repertoire and of the time-worn Italian operas and even stretched into the present by presenting "La Bohème" and "Tosca." The former was not at all a bad performance—it had dash and spirit; and if there were crudities these might easily be reconciled by a single glance at the scale of prices that prevailed during this season.

But the public refused to go stark, raving opera-mad. It remained away from the Academy in countless droves. There was a certain kind of loud enthusiasm of the boisterous Italian sort within, but that scarcely extended to the box office. There everything was peaceful and at times even dull. So the inevitable happened.

There have been a lot of new things at the Manhattan. In the first place, the tenor, Nicola Zerola, who sang at the Academy and won success with a single hearing, has entered Oscar Hammerstein's camp. His voice is remarkable for its ringing high

tones, which he tosses out. What he lacks is stage routine and some refinement of singing—attributes that will probably come with experience and study.

Marguerite Sylva has completely won her audiences by her Carmen, and she has added new rôles that have served to stamp her as an artist of versatility. Her Tosca, for instance, won praise for her dramatic acting as well as for its impressive vocal qualities, her Marguerite in "Faust" was beautifully acted and, save for some obstreperous high tones, was quite a fin-

ished bit of work; her Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Nedda in "I Pagliacci," were both full of admirable points. Mme. Sylva gives one the impression of a serious-minded artist, of an artistically ambitious woman, and she is never slovenly in her work. That augurs much for her future.

In addition to these well-known operas, "La Juive" was revived. There's no bellying the fact that it does sound old-fashioned. And it would seem that if the public is to become interested in it this must be brought about by an all-star cast—such as was heard in it years and years ago at the Metropolitan. It was well done at the Manhattan. Mme. Eva Gripon made her New York début in the title rôle, and disclosed a voice of dramatic quality which betrays good schooling and routine. M. Jean Duffault was also new to this audience. He is a French tenor of the conventional type, with some good high notes and generally a pleasing singer. Laskin was the Cardinal, and Mme. Walter-Villa sang well as Euxodia.

"Il Trovatore" was produced, too, and it gave Zerola opportunities for making the welkin ring with his "Di quella pira." Mme. D'Alvarez was vocally satisfying as Azucena, and Mme. Gripon was the Leonora.

Of far greater interest was the revival of "Louise," which opera was most excellently sung. Alice Baron was the wilful daughter, and while she made no one forget Mary Garden, she gave a legitimately impressive reading of this rôle. She sang it excellently, and acted it with a certain reticence that was very becoming. Thus

done, it ceased to be a one-star opera—and the family life of these humble French people was probably very realistically presented. As Julien, the lover, Duffault was most acceptable, while Beck, as the Father, was quite remarkable in his acting, although in his singing he wandered from pitch every now and again. Duchene was good as the



MME. RITA SACCHETTO
Première Danseuse



LEO SLEZAK, Tenor
(Metropolitan)



MME. ANNA PAVLOVA
Première Danseuse



LYDIA LIPKOWSKA, Soprano
(Metropolitan)

Mother, the chorus entered into the spirit of this difficult work, and the conductor, Nicotia, was generally effective save when he dragged the tempi.

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann" aroused greater public enthusiasm than has any other of this season's presentations—that is, so far as the attendance is concerned. This irresistibly delightful Offen-



Otto Sarony Co.
MME. BLANCHE ARRAL
Belgian coloratura soprano to be heard here in concert

bach opera was worthy of all the encouragement it received, both at the hands of the performers and the applauders. Mr. Lucas was the poet, but he was not always poetic vocally, still

he was very far from being commonplace. Walter-Villa, as the doll Olympia and the girl Antonia was infinitely better than some others who filled these rôles during the regular season, and Beck, in the triple barytone rôles, was simply excellent.

It's only a brief stone's throw of time from the present to the date of the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season. This begins on November 15, and the opening opera is to be the familiar "La Gioconda," sung by a cast that embraces Caruso, Destinn,

Homer and Amato.

That beginning augurs well, and the prospectus of the Metropolitan season is simply promise crammed. There it is claimed that the staff engaged for the various artistic enterprises of this organization is the largest that ever has been assembled in the history of grand opera on two continents.

Details issued bear out this statement, for the roster of artists seems to number legion. The babel of names of sopranos, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, tenors, baritones, basses, conductors, stage managers, assist-

ants and danseuses—it is a babel, is it not?—covers two full pages. Most of the familiar ones of last season—great and small, are to return again; and, in addition, there are a host of newcomers. It would consume a great deal of space and of the readers' time to enumerate them all here. So let us be content with the names of but a few of the strangers that are to sing

within our gates. There's a big new tenor with an exalted reputation—Leo Slezak, who comes from the Vienna Imperial Opera. There's a new French tenor, Edmond Clement, who has been widely praised in his native France. There's Marie Delna, who surely needs no introduction to those who read or those who listen while traveling abroad. Lydia Lipkowska, a new Polish coloratura; Jane Noria, a dramatic soprano, known here; Anna Meitschik and Florence Wickham—the latter an American, as also is Clarence Whitehill—although branded for consumption in the American market by foreign artistic careers.

Three new conductors—Vittorio Podestino, Egisto Tango and

Max Bendix swell the list—the latter also an American well known here. And, finally, on dainty feet, comes what is glorified by italics into being a "special star attraction"—namely, Mme. Anna Pavlova, the première danseuse from the Russian ballet of the Imperial St. Petersburg Opera, who, during the recent visit to Paris of that famous ballet, had the enthusiastic Frenchmen delirious with joy.

Among the singers—to return to them again—there will be such familiar names as Destinn, Farrar, Fremstad, Gaski, Nordica,

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ANNA MEITSCHIK, Contralto
(Metropolitan)



Copyright Mishkin
WILHELM BECK IN "RIGOLETTO"
(Manhattan)



Copyright Mishkin
FEDERICO CARASA IN "AIDA"
(Manhattan)



Mishkin
MME. ALICE BARON IN "AIDA"
(Manhattan)

Under the Water with Submarine Actors

IN these days of wireless telegraphy, submarine boats, airships, and a host of other things over head and under foot, even the stage must outdo itself—and it has. Actors now not only tread the boards; they must be aviators, human torpedoes, submarines, not to say monkeys, roosters and real Devils! We have had submarine actors, and, with the conquest of the air by the Wright Brothers, have come the aerial dancers. But as we are never satisfied, early in the summer Stage Director Burnside of the New York Hippodrome clasped his hands on his head and shook his mental dome for a new idea.

"We have had people come up out of the water," he said. "Can we have them go down into the water and stay there?"

Summoning John Thompson, the chief engineer of the Hippodrome—the stage manager confided a little scheme by which people could walk into the water, be swallowed up and not reappear. It will be remembered that a diving bell was used in "Neptune's Daughter," but something else now had to be devised. The chief engineer got busy.

Later in the summer when Stage Director Burnside sat in his little office and personally examined thousands of applicants for stage positions on the world's greatest stage, and the time came for him to pick forty-eight men and forty-eight girls for the water act, he first asked them this one question:

"Are you afraid of getting your feet wet?"

Surprising as it may seem, many applicants said they were, and told of colds and other complaints which they had annexed through getting their feet wet. Of course, they were told that their services were not needed. And, as they would leave the big show-house some would say, "I always thought stage managers were crazy. The idea—because I do not like to get my feet wet, refusing to give me a place! What has getting one's feet wet got to do with acting, anyhow?"

Knowing of the timidity of many persons when it comes to entering the water, Stage Director Burnside engaged five alternates to every principal for the water act, and such a time as he had at rehearsals! The men took to the water like ducks, but the girls!

"No, I can't, I won't. It'll take the curls out of my hair," one girl protested.

"What if I drown?" inquired another, with a shiver.

But before the summer was over the girls all liked to rehearse the water scene. It was refreshing, and, what is of far more importance to a chorus lady in the good old summer time, it enabled her to save her nickles and quarters. She did not have to go to Coney for a dip.

The funniest thing of all that happened was when Mr. Burnside, while absorbed in rehearsing the water act, one day pushed one of the girls aside and said, "Watch me." Without any warning, and forgetting that he had on his street clothes, the earnest

stage manager walked into the water and disappeared, leaving only air-bubbles where he went in. He had to go home that evening in a suit of Mr. Anderson's clothes. When the stage director walks across the stage now, if the water is "set," he keeps to the leeward.

In the fourth scene of "Inside the Earth" in this season's Hippodrome spectacle, depicting The Magic Waterfall, we see Rose Allen, played by Nanette Flack, carried away in a rowboat to a sinking island in the middle of the lake, and just as her husband, played by E. A. Clark, sees her, she disappears with the island under the water. He plunges into the water in the hope of reaching her, but fails. Then in the next scene, showing the same lake "in the centre of the earth," appear the only troupe of submarine actors in the world. Marching six abreast, four rows deep, come the silver-costumed King's guards. Without any hesitation they deliberately march down a flight of steps leading into the lake and entirely disappear from view under the water. All they leave behind are air-bubbles on the surface of the water, which soon disappear altogether. After a few minutes the female submarine brigade more gracefully march into the lake, six abreast and four lines deep, and disappear under the water. They, too, leave a few air-bubbles behind.

Where do they go? What becomes of them? How can they stay under water so long? These, and many more, questions flash through our minds.

Of course, the Hippodrome management will not tell how it is done, nor will they allow anyone to go behind the scenes, but the present writer fell in with one of the submarine actors who wanted the afternoon off to see the Hudson-Fulton naval

parade. He was almost my double, so it was easy. With the number of his time-card and locker I presented myself at the stage door, said how'dy to the doorman, pushed my (his) card in the time clock, and went on the stage. I "fixed" my brother submariners, and all was well. My, but I did feel fishy when I put on that scaly uniform, which was greased with lard to make a swift inundation, and waxed my hair and face! This was done so that the water would run off—I didn't get wet at all!

I was number two (mind now, I'm not telling in which row, because I do not want to bring suspicion on my friend, neither do I say from which side I count two), and when my feet touched the water I wanted to turn back. It was too hot. I do not like to get into hot water. But there was no turning back. The first I knew I bumped my head against a sort of horse trough turned upside down, under which we ducked and then stood under, our heads out of water and under a brilliantly lighted sort of canopy. Then we side-stepped, all six of us who had our heads together under water yet out of water, to either the right or the left, I forget which. We were at the bottom of that Turkish bath

(Continued on page x)



Hall

SCENE IN THE STEAM-ROOM AT THE HIPPODROME
Drying the costumes after the finale



Photo Hall

Kitty Gordon as Murietta and Sam Bernard as Herman Scholz
SCENE IN ACT II IN "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD" AT THE CASINO



From *L'Illustration*

Act V. "Tous les parfums de l'Arabie ne purifieraient pas cette petite main-là! . . . Oh! Oh! Oh!"
LADY MACBETH DESCENDING THE STAIRCASE OF WANDRILLE ABBEY IN HER SLEEP

"Macbeth" Performed in a Real Castle

A UNIQUE performance of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" was given recently at the Abbey of St. Wandrille, Normandy, the home of Maurice Maeterlinck, the well-known Belgian poet and author of "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Monna Vanna," etc. His wife, who was well known before her marriage as an actress under the name of Georgette Leblanc, took the part of Lady Macbeth, while the title rôle was assumed by the well-known Parisian actor, Séverin Mars. The version used was a prose translation in French made by M. Maeterlinck himself. The novel feature of the performance was that all ordinary scenic accessories were discarded. The tragedy was acted, not on a stage, but in different parts of the old Abbey, in the spacious halls, stairs, corridors and grounds, which lent themselves mar-

velously to the realization of the tragic incidents in the play, the monastery being built about the same period as the castle at Intervensness, where Shakespeare's scenes are laid. The witches danced in the moonlight round real cauldrons in the park, and the spectators, who were limited to fifty, at \$40 a head, followed the actors from point to point and from room to room as the tragedy was unfolded, the effects being weirdly realistic. A despatch to the *New York Times* gives this account:

"In the refectory of the castle Lady Macbeth, impersonated by Mme. Georgette Leblanc, was seen reading the letter in which Macbeth (M. Séverin Mars) announced that he has been saluted by the King's messenger and the witches as Thane of Cawdor, and touches in the brain of his spouse the button which is to

bring, as it were, electrically, into the forefront of her consciousness that all-absorbing fixed idea which, looming there pre-eminent, obliterates all else and engenders splendid crime. Thence from the refectory the fifty spectators passed out into the night to see Duncan and his cortège enter the château. It was but a short stay under the stars, for the great scene in which Lady Macbeth exhorts successfully her husband to murder Duncan took place in the refectory again, and it was there that Macbeth saw the phantom dagger, and from the refectory that he disappeared through a dark door in shadow into the room where he murdered Duncan. Spectators knew that the door led into a real room, and their imagination conjured more vividly the deed supposed to be done within. When Macduff knocked, the porter emerged from a door in the gallery, and made his way along the latter to steps leading downward, speaking his monologue the while. When the alarm of the King's murder was given, lords and ladies rushed out from doors onto the gallery, carrying torches, and the impression given of fear and confusion was striking. The sleep-walking scene was laid in the same hall. Lady Macbeth appeared in the gallery above, walked along in muttering, then down the steps, and glided out by a door in the gloom. 'It was almost a supernatural vision,' says a spectator. The same witness also praises the apparitions in the cloister, in spite of the incongruity of the setting. The spectators were in the gallery above, looking down upon the witches on the grass around the caldron. The procession of apparitions passed under the archways of the cloister."

In *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. G. K. Chesterton is disposed to gibe at this idea of a "traveling audience," which

From *L'Illustration*

Act I. "Voyez, voyez, notre hôtesse honorée!"

ARRIVAL OF DUNCAN AND HIS RETINUE AT MACBETH'S CASTLE

the scenes ought to be so arranged that the changes covered the widest stretch of country, like a gigantic game of Puss-in-the-Corner. The Blasted Heath having been vividly presented in an attic, it would be hurriedly announced that Macbeth's castle was situated on the tennis-lawn, and the stampede would begin. Many dowagers would doubtless be trodden underfoot, and the effect would indeed, as the newspaper says, be weirdly realistic. At the end of the time all the spectators would be as exhausted as the actors, and some of them as dead as Macbeth.

"Yet the idea, though a little alarming, has its philosophical value. It has this peculiar and important effect at least: that it is the only thing that puts any sense into the ordinary way of talking about the survival of the fittest. When people talk as if evolution meant the victory of nobler and loftier creatures, we can at once answer, 'Only if the struggle is arranged by Mr.

Maeterlinck in his house at Caudebec.' It is only *this* kind of struggle for life that has any upward tendency. In the same paper which reports Mr. Maeterlinck's experiment I see a report of an address to the British Association at Winnipeg. The report is headed in the paper 'Toward the Superman. All but the Highest Types to Die Out.' When will people leave off talking like this?"

From *L'Illustration*

Act III. "Allons! Qu'une bonne digestion seconde l'appétit"

THE BANQUET IN MACBETH'S PALACE; PLAYED IN THE GREAT REFECTORY



Who's Who Among the New Theatre Players

Foremost actress of romantic rôles in America and leader in the interpretation of Shakespearian heroines. First appeared on the stage in 1887, and for a long time tried to bring Shakespeare's plays into popular favor, but was unsuccessful until 1896, when her star began to ascend. Since 1904 she has been a prime favorite with the public. For the past few seasons she has co-starred with E. H. Sothern.

A fine actress of the classic school, and one time a prominent member of the famous Wallack Stock Company. English by birth, she came to America in 1871 with the elder Sothern and, joining Lester Wallack, remained with him eleven years, scoring her greatest successes in "Diplomacy," "The School for Scandal," "Forget-me-not," etc. Last year played Mrs. Parker Jennings in "Jack Straw" in support of John Drew.

This aged actress has been before the public sixty-five years, and is to-day seventy-eight years old. She is known as the finest "nurse" in "Romeo and Juliet" on the stage. Her professional début was made in 1862, but she acted on the amateur stage as early as thirteen years of age, when she attracted the attention of Charlotte Cushman. She has appeared with Booth, the elder Boucicault and Lester Wallack.

Made her stage début in the company of Sir Henry Irving, and later appeared under Sir Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, George Alexander and Charles Frohman. In 1907 she came to America in support of Ellen Terry and later was seen in Mr. Frohman's production of "The Morals of Marcus." Has won signal success as Ophelia and Desdemona and as Muriel in "The Gay Lord Quex."

One of the most beautiful young women on the American stage. Through the interest of the late A. M. Palmer, she obtained the ingenue rôle with Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles." After some experience in stock work in Denver she supported William Morris in Haddon Chambers' comedy "Sir Anthony," Lulu Glaser in "The Aero Club," and Walker Whiteside in "The Magic Melody." Past two seasons in the leading rôle in "The Man from Home."

A clever ingenue and warm favorite with theatregoers. She made her début in "Charley's Aunt" and scored a big hit. Later created the part of the boy, Fan-Tan, in "Two Vagrants," and afterwards joined the Empire Theatre Stock Company, creating the Listening Girl in "The Manceuvres of Jane," the Music Hall Singer in "Hearts Are Trumps," and Tweeney in "The Admirable Crichton." In 1906-8 she starred in "In the Bishop's Carriage."

First acted with Richard Mansfield, beginning with "walking on" parts until, after some years' experience, she played leads. Had much success in London, where she acted in "Ben Hur." Returned to America and was seen in "Resurrection." Later supported Julia Marlowe, Kyrle Bellew, Margaret Anglin and Blanche Walsh. Is particularly clever in drawing-room work, which she made an important feature of her London season.

Made her début in San Francisco, when she supported James O'Neill. Later she became leading woman with the Castle Square Theatre, Boston. Last season she supported Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," and created the leading feminine part in "The Faith Healer." Seen more recently in "The Revellers" in support of Charles Richman.

Youngest member of the company. Was born in 1892, and by the time she was seven had played Lady Teazle. At sixteen she was a famous Juliet. Her grandmother, Miss Kate Bateman, drew all playgoing New York to Barnum's Museum some fifty years ago. Later she became one of the most famous actresses of the day.

A California girl and graduate of the University of Chicago, where she took a Master's degree in literature. She first attracted attention as Maire in Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire." For the past two years she has been a member of the Donald Robertson Company in Chicago. This past summer she has given dramatic recitals at Columbia University.

A clever comedian and one of the most distinguished actors on the American stage. Has also appeared creditably in tragic rôles, including Hamlet, Shylock, Romeo and other Shakespearian impersonations. Has also produced in fine style "If I Were King" and "The Sunken Bell." A year ago he produced Paul Kester's play, "Don Quixote," and more recently made elaborate revivals of "Lord Dundreary" and "Richelieu."

English actor who came to America in 1884, appearing as Amminabad Streike in "The Colonel" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Afterwards made a long tour under the management of Charles Frohman. In more recent years has been a prominent member of Mr. Sothern's companies, playing Dogberry, Sir Toby Belch, Launcelot Gobbo, Peter, the first grave-digger, and other Shakespearian comedy rôles.

Made his début in a stock company and afterwards attracted the attention of Tommaso Salvini, the great Italian tragedian. Acted for five years in the company of Alexander Salvini such rôles as Richelieu in "The Three Guardsmen" and the Ghost in "Hamlet." Later joined Mr. Mansfield and Olga Nethersole. More recently has been seen as Jimsey Smith in "Paid in Full," and as the Spider in "The Only Law."

A well-seasoned player who first acted on the German stage. Appeared with Booth and Barrett and made his début in New York in Margaret Mather's revival of "Cymbeline." Later supported Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box." More recently has appeared in "Zaza," "The Darling of the Gods," and in Ibsen rôles with Mrs. Fiske. Last season made a big hit as the Professor Luigi in "The Climax."

A prominent actor in Charles Frohman's companies and great favorite with the public. Played eccentric rôles in "The Amazons," "The Charity Ball," "The Squire of Dames," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Masqueraders," "Naughty Rosina," "The Degenerates," "The Duke of Killcrankie" and "My Wife." Appeared last year with Miss Mary Moore at the Criterion, London, in "Lady Epping's Lawsuit."

English actor who has achieved distinction here and abroad. First appeared on the stage in 1874, and two years later became a member of Hennie Lee's famous organization, playing Chadband in "Jo." Later he was associated with Sir Henry Irving. Played De Mauprat and Serafino dell' Aquila in Booth's revivals of "Richelieu" and "The Fool's Revenge," and supported F. R. Benson in his Shakespearian productions.

Juvenile actor of ability. Attracted the attention of Sir Charles Wyndham and was engaged to understudy him. Later appeared with Sir Henry Irving in "Robespierre." Supported Miss Bertha Galland in "Sweet and Twenty" and "The Forest Lovers." Also seen in "Faust," "Monna Vanna" and other successes. Last season acted the part of Dandy in support of Eleanor Robson in "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

Began acting as an amateur and later appeared as a professional in Bartley Campbell's play, "Fate." Appeared with Mary Anderson in "Romeo and Juliet," and once starred as Othello in his own company. Played Ingomar to the Parthenia of Janet Waldorp. Later seen in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," "Richard Carvel," "The Builders" and "The Warrens of Virginia."

Well-known amateur actor who has never appeared on the professional stage. Prior to entering Harvard University he took an interest in amateur theatricals, and when a student played with the Hasty Pudding Club with much success. As a member of the Amateur Comedy Club he has appeared in many standard and modern plays.

Although young, has seen much service, both in stock companies and with prominent stars. Played Romeo during a tour of fifty weeks, and after a season with Mrs. Fiske acted Paul Sylvaine in the special production of "Leah Kleschna." Last year was seen in Augustus Thomas' drama "The Witching Hour."



JULIA MARLOWE



CHARLES BALSAR



WINTHROP AMES, Director



HENRY STANFORD



ROSE COGHAN



GEO. FOSTER PLATT, Stage Mgr.



CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



LEE SHUBERT, Manager



FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK



LOUIS CALVERT, Stage Mgr.



E. HAMILTON BELL, Art Dir.



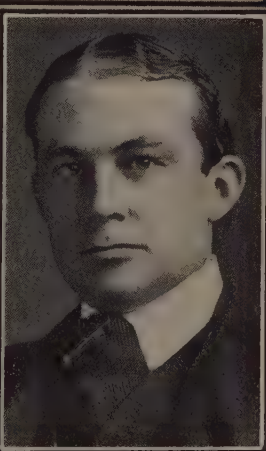
VIDA SUTTON



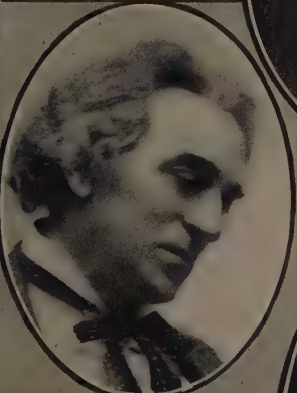
EDWARD H. SOTHERN



BEN JOHNSON



ELLIOTT SCHENCK, Musical Dir.



ALBERT BRUNING



ROWLAND BUCKSTONE



BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON



THAIS LAWTON



BEVERLY SITGREAVES



OLIVE WYNDHAM



JESSIE BUSLEY

DIRECTOR, STAFF AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY



Amusements in Old New York



ACCORDING to Julius Cahn's "Official Theatrical Guide," the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx contain seventy-seven places of public amusement and the Borough of Brooklyn adds twenty-three more to the list. These include, of course, theatres of the first class, houses of the second class, variety halls, etc., etc., but not the Nickelodeons or moving picture shows, which are too numerous to count. This amazing number of playhouses in one city alone of the United States is proof conclusive enough of the taste of the present generation for dramatic entertainment, and marks in striking manner the astonishing growth and development of the stage in this country which the years have brought about.

The first so-called theatre in New York produced its first play March 5, 1750. This was announced as "The historical tragedy of 'King Richard III,' 'wrote' originally by Shakespeare, and 'improved' by Colley Cibber, Esq. Pit, five shillings; gallery, three shillings. To begin precisely an half-hour after six, and no persons admitted behind the scenes."

A company of actors came from Philadelphia, and advertised that they had taken "convenient rooms" in a house owned by the Hon. Rip Van Dam. This was situated on a descending hillside, on Nassau Street, between John Street and Maiden Lane. Nine days after their arrival they brought out the play, so that very little time was devoted to decorations and scenery for the "convenient rooms." They evidently intended to start right at once, and forbade gentlemen from crowding on the stage, which was an annoyance common in London at the time.

New York then contained about ten thousand inhabitants—loyal subjects of King George II—and the Province was ruled by Governor Clinton. For about a year professional performances were occasionally given here, and the first permanent theatre was opened on the same spot, September 17, 1753, with Sir Richard Steele's play, "The Conscious Lovers." This soon failed and the theatre was converted into a church.

In 1750 an amateur theatrical performance was given in Boston, which led the legislature of Massachusetts to pass an act forbidding theatrical entertainments in that Province, and it was not until 1793 that a bill to permit theatres there passed the House and Senate and was signed by the Governor.

With varying fortunes other theatres were established in New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and other places, and in spite of much opposition and serious disputes, they finally gained a firm place at the close of the century.

This desire to be entertained existed in earlier days, but the opportunities to indulge it were meagre. It is curious and interesting to read of the amusements advertised in the newspapers of the time. They were all liberally patronized. There seems to have been no regular hall or place set apart for enter-

tainments, and rooms in a private house or tavern were utilized, as seen in this announcement in the *New York Gazette*:

Feb. 20, 1739.—"To-morrow (being Wednesday, the 21st of February) will be performed in Mr. Holt's Long Room the new Pantomime Entertainment in Grotesque Character, called 'The Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch, or The Spaniard Trick'd.' To which will be added an Optik, wherein will be Represented, in Perspective, several of the most noted cities and remarkable Places in *Europe* and *America*, with a New *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, address'd to the Town. To begin precisely at six o'clock. Tickets can be had at Mr. Holt's at Five Shillings each. This is the last time it will be acted."

They advertised freely, giving minute details, usually confined to hand-bills. The following from *The Weekly Post Boy*, Oct. 17, 1743, might truly be termed the father of Variety Entertainments and "continuous" performances.

"By desire of Several Gentlemen and Ladies, The Solar or Camera Obscura Microscope, Which has given such general satisfaction, and so great a concourse of Gentlemen and Ladies continually attend to see it, is now removed to the House of Mr. John Kip in Broad-Street, where the Sun will serve all the Day long.

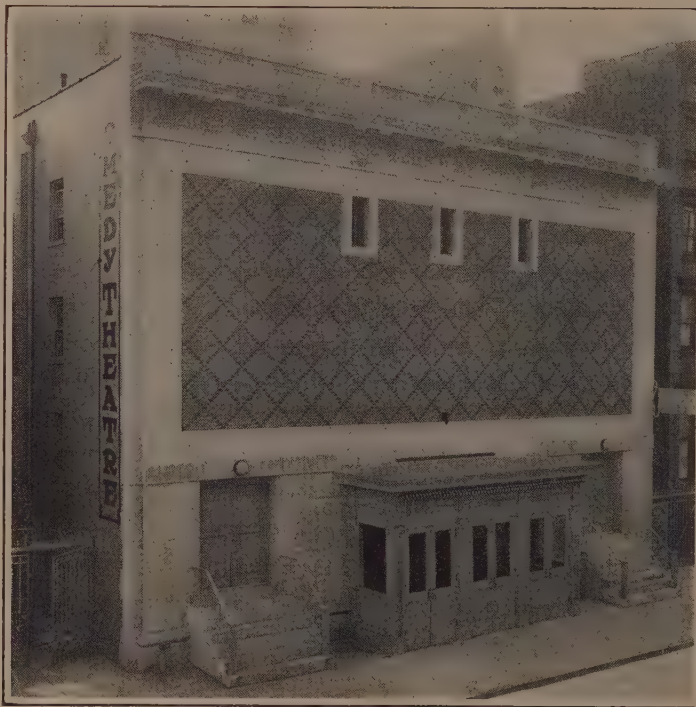
"It is the most entertaining of any Microscope whatsoever and magnifies Objects in a most surprising Degree. The Animalculæ in several Sorts of Fluids, with many other living and dead

Objects too tedious to mention, will be shown incredulously magnified, and at the same Time distinct, to the entire Satisfaction of the Spectators; as the Circulation of the Blood in a Frog's Foot, a Flea, a Fish's Tail, and in many small Insects, that an Hundred of them will not exceed the Bigness of a Grain of Sand. This curiosity was never shown before by any Person that travels.

"The unparallel'd Musical Clock, made by that great Master of Machinery, David Lockwood. This great curiosity performs by Springs only; it is a machine incomparable in its kind; it excels all others in the beauty of its Structure; it is most entertaining in its Musick, and plays the choicest airs from the celebrated Operas with the greatest Nicety and Exactness. It performs with beautiful Graces, ingeniously and variously intermix'd, the

French Horn Pieces, perform'd upon the Organ, German and Common Flute, Flageolet, &c., as Sonatas, Marches, Minuets, Jiggs and Scotch Airs, compos'd by Corelli, Alberoni, Mr. Handel, and other great and eminent Masters of Musick.

"This beautiful Curiosity has been shown twice before the King, in his Royal Palace at St. James, where his Majesty was pleas'd to make an Observation on the Excellence of its Beauty, and declar'd He thought it the Wonder of this Age. It is allow'd by all who have seen it to be more worthy to adorn a King's Palace than of being exposed for a common sight. The inside



NOVEL ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN IN MODERN THEATRE BUILDING
Messrs. Shubert's new Comedy Theatre, West Forty-first Street, New York

Scenes in "The Fortune Hunter" at the Gaiety Theatre



Hall
Sam Graham (Forrest Robinson)
ACT II. THE OLD INVENTOR AT HIS DESK



White
Nathaniel Duncan (John Barrymore)
ACT III. THE FORTUNE HUNTER RECEIVES A KISS OVER THE 'PHONE



Betty Graham (Mary Ryan) Nathaniel Duncan (John Barrymore) Mr. Lockwood (Charles Fisher) Roland Baret (Sydney Ainsworth)
ACT IV. THE VILLAGE BANKER CHARGES NATHANIEL DUNCAN, THE FORTUNE HUNTER, WITH BEING AN ABSCONDING CASHIER

of this Machine may be viewed by Gentlemen and Ladies, and is to be seen from Eight in the Morning till Eight at Night."

Though advertising was then in its infancy, the art of ingenious "puffing" had been already acquired; but we fancy the rates could not have been very extravagant, or the advertiser would have gone less into detail. The giving of Benefit Performances had even then been inaugurated, and we read the notice of one Dec. 31, 1744: "A concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick for the Benefit of Mr. Rice; to begin precisely at Five O'clock; tickets to be had at both Coffee-Houses."

The printer, who was also Manager, Editor, and everything, strange to say, did not assume the rôle of musical critic, and in the following issue after the concert gives this notice of it: "'Twas thought by all competent Judges, to exceed any Thing of the kind ever done here before."

Here is an extract from *The Post Boy*, Dec. 5, 1748, not inserted as an advertisement, but bearing evidence that it was intended to serve the purpose.

"We hear that Mr. Bonnin is so crowded with Company to view his Perspectives, that he can scarce get even so much Time as to eat, drink or say his Prayers, from the Time he gets out of Bed until he repairs to it again; and it is the Opinion of some able Physicians, that, if he makes rich, it must be at the Expense of the Health of his Body; and of some learned Divines, that it must be at the Expense of the Welfare of his poor Soul! Nay, his old Shipmates, who went aprivateering with him, swear he would have stood a better chance for a fair Wind to the Haven of Rest, and would have come to Port with more Safety had he continued still aboard! They are a Set of sad Dogs to talk profanely of such a subject."

The next week we find this: "We are informed Mr. Bonnin is prevailed upon to lower his Price from Four to Two Shillings; that this week he shows the first 8 English Prospects, and next week the other 8, which are all he has yet shown. He is almost staring mad at the Privateers Men, his Old Shipmates, who he suspects put in the Banter on him in our last; and we hear, he intends to be up with them in our next. His tickets are to be had, we are told, as usual."

The printer announces a few months later that "we learn with regret that Mr. Bonnin sets out this week, with his Philosophical Optical Machine for Long Island."

Nothing seems to have been so popular, judging from the frequent exhibitions, as the performances given by Punch's Comedians.

"To be seen at the House of Mr. Hamilton Herretson at the

Sign of the Spread Eagle, near Whitehall Slip, Punch's Opera, 'Bateman or the Unhappy Marriage,' with a fine Dialogue between Punch and his wife Joan, acted by a Set of Lively Figures late from Philadelphia. Also, a most curious Posture—Master Boy, late of Dublin, who performs with the utmost Dexterity, most surprizing Postures, transforming himself into a great number of various shapes, together with a great variety of Tumbling,

exceeding pleasant and diverting; and many other curiosities too tedious to mention here. Tickets to be had at any time 2s, 6d, at 18d, or at 1s, according to situation. To begin exactly at 7 o'clock."

Punch's Comedians had proved great favorites in England, ever since their introduction there, probably very early in the century. Addison dwells on Punch's attractions in *The Spectator* (1711), saying that "he emptied all the other theatres; and also St. Paul's Church, which stood opposite his booth under the little piazza at Covent Garden." He had few rival attractions in old New York.

"This week, By Punch's Company of Comedians will be acted—'The Norfolk Tragedy, or the Babes in the Woods'; To conclude with Entertainments of Men and Women. N.B. On Thursday next I design to give a Benefit Night, and likewise the Day to see the Wax Work, for to relieve some of the poor Prisoners in the City Hall; Those Gentlemen and Ladies that will be so charitable to favour me with their good Company will much

oblige their humble servant, James Wyatt. Price Two Shillings each Ticket."

The day was chosen for entertainments, when practicable, and early hours prevailed. The difficulty of properly lighting by oil lamps and candles must have been a serious one. To spend an evening in an ill-ventilated room, thus illuminated, with the odor of smoky oil lamps, could have afforded but limited pleasure. The programs were long as advertised—several features being offered at one entertainment. There was no free list. Here is another style of performance noticed in *The Post Boy*, Aug. 28, 1749:

"By Punch's Company of Comedians will be acted this week the Play of 'Whittington and His Cat,' showing how he came to London, a poor Country Boy, and was taken into a rich Merchant's House as a scullion under the Cook Maid, with the hard usage he received from her, for which he was going to leave his Master; but, hearing Bow Bells ring, he thought they told him to return, and by sending a Cat for a Venture, he came to be three times Lord Mayor of London. To conclude with a Musical Clock. Front Seats, Two Shillings; Middle Seats, One Shilling and Six Pence; Back Seats, One Shilling." M. R. S.



Bangs

LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "THE WIDOW'S MIGHT" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE



Photo Byron W. J. Ferguson Louise Mackintosh James Bradbury Lou Ripley Robert Rogers John F. Webber Blanche Yurka Anne Sutherland Edward Langford Louise Woods William Morris
SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF DAVID BELASCO'S NEWLY ORGANIZED COMPANY OF PLAYERS

David Belasco's Family of Dramatic Artists

DAVID BELASCO, quietly, unostentatiously, has succeeded in effecting what might well be termed a corner in dramatic artists. We do not say actors, for Mr. Belasco makes a sharp distinction between the two. Every dramatic artist, he says, is an actor, but every actor is not a dramatic artist. He has been watching for years, from the rear of theatres and music halls, for eccentric comedians who were precisely to his taste; ingenues who played as normal American girls lived; old women who are really old; comedians who are laugh-producers, not laugh-stiflers; grand dames with an air that is an expression of true inward grandeur—specialists all, capable of turning a bit, at which an ordinary actor sneers, into a delight. Having found these after years of patient search, he has united them in a pleasing human mosaic to which he has given the name, David Belasco's Players. There are twenty-three of them, eleven men and twelve women, and they are but the beginning, the nucleus of a permanent organization that shall compose what he democratically calls his "fellow workers." He will retain these specialists of his choice for long terms, practically for life, and their salaries will be paid whether they are working or not. The company is at present producing "Is Matrimony a Failure?" the first comedy which Mr. Belasco has essayed for many years. The public had long identified him with serious plays, and critics have hinted that the goddess of comedy had not been present at his birth. The public has learned the surprising fact that he possesses an acute comedy sense but that he has waited the day of its expression until he found a genuine comedy and genuine comedians.

It is the happiest aggregation of players ever seen that rollicked gaily through the matrimonial problem of the Belasco Theatre at a recent matinée. More often than not the writer has found actors unhappy; in part because they are sensitive folk—super-sensitiveness is the penalty they pay for their ability to interpret character—in part, because they were suffering from real or imaginary wounds inflicted by "the management." Whether they were real or imaginary wounds made no difference in the intensity of the suffering. But there was no suffering from either cause among David Belasco's Players. Every man and woman among them was as happy as a child on its holiday. Every face glowed

with deep content. Every voice was raised in praise of the atmosphere of peace and amity the manager had created for this new theatrical family of his. It was F. Newton Lindo, the English actor, who played Charley's Aunt in London for one thousand nights, who was the original curate of "Candida" in New York, and who is playing Mr. Meek in the present play, who reached the superlative expression:

"I never liked the American stage before this season. I never liked anything about it, but I can't find fault with anything in this production. I heard an American actor say we had reached the dramatic heaven. He is mistaken. 'Tis the seventh heaven."

"Whom do you want to see?" my guide asked.

"Suppose we begin with the oldest and the youngest."

A second later I was being presented to a marvelous woman who is sixty-five years young. "Hasn't somebody made a mistake?" I asked.

"Not at all. I am the oldest member of the company." The brisk little woman with the old-fashioned curls and the fine glow of health in her cheeks and the figure straight and slim as a girl's looked keenly at me.

"Are you a suffragette?" she demanded.

"Am I?"

"Because every woman ought to be. I have worked for woman suffrage for forty years. We must assert ourselves and throw off the dominion of man. It is a disgrace of civilization that woman has been on a lower level than man. We must take our proper places beside, if not a little above, him."

Good parts and few vicissitudes have fallen to Mrs. Julia Rheinhardt's lot. Last season she was of Miss Adams' company in "What Every Woman Knows." "Miss Adams is an angel," she said with the conviction with which she would have said, "The sun shines to-day." Had the plenitude of agreeable engagements made Mrs. Rheinhardt look forty-five instead of sixty? She shook her head in her pleasantly decisive fashion.

"No, it's living out of doors."

"You are an Englishwoman?"

"Yes, in a way. I was born of English parents in Jamaica. I grew up on the limb of a tamarind tree, and the walls of houses

have stifled me ever since. I owe my good health to riding only when it is absolutely necessary. My recipe to keep young is a single word: 'Walk.' I think nothing of walking through the park from Fifty-ninth Street to One Hundred and Tenth and back. I spend at least two hours outdoors every day."

Small, to be exact just five feet two inches tall, was the youngest member of the company, Miss Jane Grey, who plays the ingenue lead, the character of Lulu Wheeler. Small, but of exceeding dignity for one so young, she feels the weight of her few years more than does Mrs. Reinhardt her many. But a charming young person she was, when smiling radiantly, she challenged the interviewer to compare inches of height before the mirror and discovered that she lost not a hair's breadth by comparison.

She was born in New England, and there is a New England manner. Miss Grey agreed with the characterization that "The New England nature is deep and narrow." "But work and travel have broadened me a great deal and will broaden me still more, I hope," she said, looking very young but very wise, in the same second.

Miss Grey, who has been greeted as something new and welcome in ingenues, has a dramatic past of seven years. Ostensibly it began with her debut with Rhea Lorraine, a fixed star in the Northeast, but really it had its beginning in the successful efforts of a grave, pigtailed, short-frocked young person, reading Ingersoll's Memorial Day speech to a town hall full of Grand Army men at Laconia, Vermont, where nine years previously she had been born. The Grand Army men shouted their appreciation of the youngsters and thereafter she and Ingersoll's eloquent words were a yearly institution in Laconia.

Asked why she went on the stage, Jane Grey always answers: "Because I couldn't stay off." She played leading ingenues, a class of work she has done ever since, for a salary of five dollars a week, with Miss Lorraine for a year. The fact that she had many relatives in New England, and that she visited them while she was playing in their towns, helped to give the five dollars their

needed elasticity. The second year she received fifteen dollars a week, and the third year—salute 'Yankee thrift!'—she had saved enough to buy a half interest in the company. "The capital required was only four hundred and fifty dollars, but it made it better for me," was her sage explanation. Then came stock work in Columbus and Cleveland and Providence, stock incessant, wearying but successful.

"A year ago I met Billy Dean, Mr. Belasco's stage manager at a dinner. He knew nothing about me, didn't even know I was an actress, but later in the evening I worked my way around and let him know." Yankee sagacity! "This summer, when I was playing in Providence he telephoned me: 'Will you rehearse on Sunday?' I said 'No.' He said: 'Then you'd better come over to see Mr. David Belasco.' I nearly fainted. 'He must have heard me getting ready too, for he said: "Now, don't be excited. It may not amount to anything. But come over and see him anyway.' I came, and after we had talked together for fifteen minutes, I was engaged."

Louise Mackintosh has one of the characteristics of the gifted—fine eyes. They are as serene and gracious as her own personality. Their message is that of Browning's Pippa: "All's right with the world." She introduced her big, handsome husband, Robert Rogers, and it was instantly quite clear why, since their marriage eleven years ago, there has always appeared beneath their names the line, "Joint engagements only." The pair are old-fashioned enough to be in love—

with each other. Though opportunity has called, and ambition has spurred each of them to different ways, they have not been separated for six hours in their eleven wedded years. This has spelled sacrifice, of course. It has required one to play a lesser rôle one year, and the other a slighter part the next season. But each has yielded willingly when the other's chance came. This season Miss Mackintosh has the chance, and Mr. Rogers' turn for sacrifice has come. Last year a vaudeville star, this season playing a bit, he plays the bit so that it exudes rich fun, and is content.



Photo Byron Dr. Lavendar (John Findlay)

Helena Richie (Margaret Anglin)

Act III. Dr. Lavendar: "Do you consider yourself a fit person to care for the child?"

SCENE IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Mr. Rogers was originally a telegraph operator. Arriving in Boston with Edith Ellis' company, which had drifted upon the rocks of disaster, he resumed his old occupation. That summer he met Miss Mackintosh at her father's home in a suburb of Boston. Both secured an engagement with a Columbus stock company, and the following season they were married. Their marriage took place at noon, and when Miss Mackintosh made her entrance upon the stage with the line from the play, "I've got a husband somewhar around here," the audience threatened to break up in an impromptu reception on the stage.

James Bradbury's marvelously expressive face smiled benignly

In the first entrance stood a tall man with merry eyes, leisurely unfastening his collar and loosening his tie. These preparations having been completed he accepted from "Props" a bowl of water from which he plentifully sprinkled his ruddy countenance. He was presumed to have hastened home to learn whether his marriage was legal or otherwise, and the water from the bowl counterfeited perspiration.

"I'm the only bachelor in the company," he volunteered, looking fixedly at Miss Lou Ripley, who also enjoys the bachelor state.

"That can be remedied," suggested Mr. Dean the stage manager.



Photo Byron

Lloyd Pryor (Eugene Orm nde)

Dr. Lavendar (John Findlay)

David (Raymond Hackett)

Helena Richie (Margaret Anglin)

Act I. Dr. Lavendar: "I always take off my hat when I come into a room"

SCENE IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

upon the brother and sister players crowding around him in the wings. It had always seemed to me there was no better trained face on the stage, but Mr. Bradbury insisted that an expressive face is a gift, not an achievement.

"Natural expression, plus a little more," is his rule, yet he said: "I learned when I was with Joseph Jefferson that facial expression is nine-tenths of acting. Mr. Jefferson was a master in that, especially in 'Bob Acres.'"

Mr. Bradbury went to the dramatic school of inspiring association. He was of the Boston Museum Company, playing there with Edwin Booth and William Warren. He has been on the stage for twenty-eight years. Recently his best achievement was supplying the comedy in Eben Holden by playing "the man with a harelip." Two men came to the stage door one night, each with a quart bottle of champagne secreted in his Inverness, and said they wanted Mr. Bradbury to settle a bet as to whether the harelip was natural or assumed. Mr. Bradbury assisted in the consumption of the bottle purchased by the man who had been convinced that the harelip had been bestowed at birth.

It might have been had not Mr. Webber had to rush upon the stage at that moment.

William J. Ferguson, of the flexible countenance, smiled as became the head of a family. His daughter, Helen, had that week made her d but as the maid in the same company with her father. Two years before he had told me that she displayed symptoms of a desire to go upon the stage. "What will you do?" I had inquired. He had thrown up helpless hands. "What can I do?" he said. "If they will, they will. You can't stop them." To-day he seemed resigned. "She is wonderfully absorptive," he said with pride. "She is learning a great deal watching Mr. Belasco. They are the aristocracy of the stage, actors' children.

This play is funnier than "Charley's Aunt," because the fun runs all through it. "Charley's Aunt" fun was only in spots.

At parting he gave me one of the serene smiles of David Belasco's Players, and delivered himself of an epigram: "I follow my own advice," he said. "It is, 'Don't talk very much, and people won't find out you're a fool.'"

RICHARD SAVAGE.



A Little Queen of the Stage in Real Life

"YOU will find her a wise young woman."

Channing Pollock said this. He had written the play "Such a Little Queen," in which Elsie Ferguson had become a star overnight. He had helped to rehearse her in the part of the little Queen of an Anthony Hope kingdom, reduced to cooking her own dinners in a Harlem flat. He had a foundation of experience upon which to base an opinion. I found he was right.

She proved it by almost the first words she spoke when we had taken our seats at the table in a quiet little tearoom with Fifth Avenue two minutes away. She loved this Little Queen she was playing better than any part she had ever played; "Because she is so brave," she said. "She knows so well what it is hard to learn, that you must always smile at the world. Perhaps the smile is not on your face, but you must keep it in your heart. People will know if it is there, and it will attract the world to you, and that is success."

"You are young to have learned that," I interrupted. "It is true, but so many have grown old before they learned it, and then it is too late."

She looked very girl-like, as young as the little queen looks on the stage. She had come to the city from her home at West End, N. J., where she had spent Sunday. From beneath a black velvet turban her fair hair shone brightly, her strong, yet womanly profile showed against the background clear as a cameo. In her short skirt and a long coat of black and white checks her figure looked straight and slim and light as a schoolgirl's.

"She suffered so much, the Little Queen, that I sympathize with her, though I know she is learning what I learned, too, never to regret anything that has happened in one's life. After some years of self-pity I am glad of everything that has come to me. It was a hard lesson, but I learned at last never to regret anything." She was eighteen and had been graduated from the Normal Training School, and the family fates had said that she was to become a teacher. A teacher paid to her on that occasion a somewhat equivocal compliment.

"That girl has more brains than you would ever suspect," a remark recalling which the new star displays becoming dimples.

"But she was right," she asserted. "She was a wonderful woman. I never knew how wonderful until, looking back at her since I'm older, I recall many things she said to me. I did

have a faculty of concealing such brains as I possessed. I was not overfond of books, but I was intensely fond of learning from people by talking with them, and finding out what they knew and thought about life."

Born in New York, Miss Ferguson has not, I saw, the unmixed American temperament. She is not volatile enough. She does not talk fast enough. She does not laugh enough. Quite true was my conjecture. There is a strain of German in her hereditary composition to account for her gravity and deliberation, another overlying Scotch stratum as source of her caninness.

"I'm glad of the German, because it gave me an ancestor whom the Kaiser decorated for oratory. I'm not glad of the Scotch, because I fear it has made me 'obstinate.'"

Which prompted me to ask her if she were sure where obstinacy began and the necessary firmness, with which we must face the facts as well as the allurements of life, ended.

"Not quite," she said. "And yet I believe that perception or common sense, or sober judgment, call it whatever you like, is the only thing given to guide us through life. I am sure that we ought to listen to advice, ought to think about it, and then draw our own conclusions and abide by them. If we do that I don't believe we will ever make many mistakes."

Heredity, rather than environment, is the strong stream that sweeps an actress upon the stage. Environment may place a non-actress there, but the call of the stage comes from afar off, I believe, down the generations. Orators and actors are made of the same temperamental stuff. The orator might become a successful actor, the great actor a great orator, I was reflecting. Miss Ferguson broke in upon my reflections, confirming them.

"My father was a lawyer," she went on. "My mother was a very good amateur actress."

I told her how the mother of Ella Wheeler Wilcox had written a little and thought a great deal about writing, regretting all her life that the existence of a Wisconsin farm had narrowed the field of her vision, and how her daughter spoke original rhymes before she could spell the words that composed them. At any rate, she had always liked more than anything else in the world to see plays. Her mother had sent her to a fencing class because she feared she was growing round-shouldered, and there the girl, who had accepted the family foreordained fate

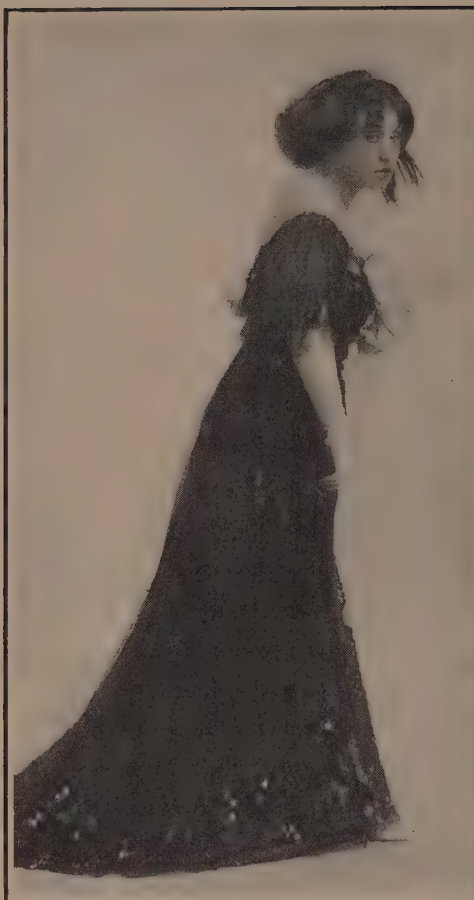


White ELSIE FERGUSON
As Anna Victoria, Queen of Herzegovina



fishkin

MISS ELSIE FERGUSON



Sykes, Chicago
HATTIE DE VOU
Seen in Richard Carle's play, "The Boy and the Girl"



White, N. Y.
MAE MURRAY
Who is appearing in "The Follies of 1909"



White, N. Y.
LILLIAN LORRAINE
Who made a hit in "The Follies of 1909"

that she was to be a teacher, met a girl who knew an actress.

"I was so interested in the life of this strange being that I asked the girl if I might meet her actress friend, and after I had asked a great many times the girl took me to see her. I don't even remember the actress' name now. But I shall always bless her good nature. When she found how eager I was to know more about stage life she said I might go with her to call on a manager. The manager happened to be Mr. Shubert. He asked me whether I wanted to go on the stage, and because I was utterly surprised and did not know what else to say I said 'Yes.' He said 'All right,' and in a week I received a notice to report for rehearsal with the chorus of one of 'The Belle of New York' companies. It was distinctly a road organization. My mother objected, but after we had arranged that a woman in the company should chaperone me, she gave her consent. I was out for thirty-six weeks. I started in short skirts and with long, hanging braids. I came back with skirts down and hair up. Mother was broken-hearted for a while. She had lost her little girl.

"I was cast next for 'Liberty Belles.' Then for 'The Two Schools,' next for 'The Girl from Kay's,' then with Louis Mann in 'The Second Fiddle,' and in 'Julie Bonbon.' I was with Wilton Lackaye when I got my first newspaper notice. I had posed for fashion photographs for the newspapers to eke out my salary, and I was glad to earn the money, but I was never honored by being mentioned in those pages which I had helped to illustrate. I had a chance to go to London with Cyril Maude in 'The Earl of Pawtucket.' I was rendered speechless by Mr. Maude's offering to keep me on as his leading woman. But I came back to America and played in 'The Battle' and in 'Pierre of the Plains.'"

Then followed a contract with Manager H. B. Harris. In this contract Mr. Harris inserted with fore-vision a clause giving him the right to star Miss Ferguson when he saw a good opportunity. Miss Ferguson knew this but knew it vaguely; it was as considerable to her as the joker in a pack of hard-working cards. One night when "Such a Little Queen" was opening its second week

Mr. Harris played his joker. He announced to the reporters that the next night he would spell in brilliant letters above the Hackett Theatre the name Elsie Ferguson. In the newspapers the next morning appeared a note announcing the flaming sign that would appear that night in the dramatic heavens, token of the birth of a new star.

"I knew nothing of it until I saw the announcement in the papers. I believe my feelings found expression in several 'Ohs.' But what I felt no fullest vocabulary could tell. First I turned very cold, then very warm. I tingled all over as though there were a thousand electric needles in my skin. I felt dazed, and concluded there was some mistake. But that night when I went to the theatre there was the sign. When I came home that night——"

The girl who had become a star overnight laughed and flushed a little apology, but went courageously on: "That night when I came home I jumped up on the bed and jumped up and down. The bedsprings were the most yielding thing in the room, and I scorned anything as responsive as the floor. It's a wonder I didn't break those bedsprings. I am always moved to express my feelings by a shriek. Of course, I couldn't shriek loudly in a hotel room, but I shrieked as much as I dared."

She reverted soon after to her home, proving what she had asserted, that a woman cannot be simply an actress. That home she called "We're Here."

Was Miss Ferguson of those who believed in the celibacy of the actress? She replied in her contemplative way.

"I think that depends upon the husband. If he loves the wife well enough to let her go on fulfilling her ambitions, keeping in the background if that be necessary, they will be happy. And if the wife is really womanly, the stage will not be enough. Her work will not fill her life. She will come back to him," said she who in private life is the adored wife of John Hoey, a man of leisure and capital.

The words of the author came echoing back. "You will find her a wise young woman."

A. P.

John Drew in "Inconstant George" at the Empire



John Drew Micheline (Mary Boland)

ACT I. MICHELINE: "NOT A BIT. I WALK, AND CLIMB THE CLIFFS
IN SEARCH OF GULL'S EGGS"



Desmond Kelly John Drew

ACT I. GEORGE: "TELL ME HOW YOU ARE GETTING ALONG ON THE
STAGE"



George Bullin (John Drew) Vivette Lambert (Desmond Kelly) Odette de Versannes (Adelaide Prince) Fanchon Chancelle (Jane Laurel)

ACT. III. GEORGE: "AND TO THINK THERE ARE PEOPLE THERE DANCING!"

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes

The Stars of To-morrow

the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage

UNIQUE was the experience of Miss Muriel Terry, who plays with brilliant variety the dashing rôle of Marosi in "The Gay Hussars." Unique in that within one week from the opening of the opera in New York Miss Terry was selected as a star for next season. This, too, while she suffered

the distinct disadvantage of the rôle of Marosi being the first she has ever sung in English, and that in it she impersonated for the first time a man. Miss Terry is one of the world wanderers of the dramatic profession. She was born in Lahore, India, where her father was an officer in the British army. Captain Charles Terry was born in Ireland. Her mother was of Russian and French origin. A wag of the lobby offered to anyone who would distinctly catalogue Miss Terry's nationality a suitable prize, that prize being, he conceived, a volume of Scandinavian

verse printed in Esperanto. Asked to what land she belongs Miss Terry replies "The land of opera." Seven years ago Miss Terry won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music in London. In that institution she won the Muriel Foster prize as the best actress among the students. Her professional début occurred as a member of the Nationale Theatre Company at Mannheim, in Germany. There and later at Berlin she sang mezzo-soprano rôles. Eventually she rose to the prominence of a repertoire of fourteen full soprano rôles, including Carmen, Hänsel and Pamela. Henry W. Savage imported her from Germany to play Marosi.

In the horoscope of the drama wise-eyed seers think they descry stellar possibilities for that beautiful young woman, Jane Cowl, who has had her chance this season in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Miss Cowl has been brought up dramatically at the David Belasco knee. Beginning as an extra girl in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," she was promoted the next season to a four-line part in "The Music Master." Her next step upon the successive rungs of the ladder was a five-line part in "The Rose of the Rancho." Thus Miss Cowl's growth has been of the substantial, not the mushroom sort. This season Mr. Belasco believed that she had grown to the stature to be entrusted with a "real part." This she has as the leading woman of the Dietrichstein farce. Miss Cowl's beauty is of the brunette type, and is so striking that it has been compared by players of long memories with that of Adelaide Neilson. Her work is of the repressed sort, she relying more upon postures than readings, upon silences than much speech. She is richly gifted with personality. A Boston girl, she had a brief experience as a newspaper woman before going upon the stage.

Everyone in the audiences of "The Midnight Sons" pronounced openly or silently the judgment "Good" of a minor performance in that play. There was only one opinion of the work of Vernon Castle, whose duty it was to "be gentlemanly drunk" at a banquet. Humor without offensiveness marked every movement and intonation of this young English actor, who displayed originality in his conception and finesse in his execution of the brief but difficult rôle. Mr. Castle has been on the stage but two years, in fact, since he was twenty. He is a brother-in-law of Lawrence Goldsmith, the

British comedian. Two years ago Mr. Castle, having but just been graduated from the School of Engineering of the Birmingham University, and intending to adopt electrical engineering as his profession, concluded that before entering upon it he would spend a vacation in "The States." He called upon his brother-in-law, who was then appearing with Lew Fields. Mr. Fields, conceiving that the young man had the comedy sense, offered him the position of understudy for Mr. Grossmith. Mr. Castle accepted it tentatively. Several times it befell that he played Mr. Grossmith's part in "About Town," and so gratified was Mr. Fields at proving himself a prophet of good report that he offered Mr. Castle a part in "The Girl Behind the Counter," at a salary no electrical engineer with mere hopes could afford to forego. Persons with acute appreciation of comedy will recall the tall, slim waiter with whom Mr. Fields played one of his funniest scenes. That was Mr. Castle. He also appeared briefly in "The Mimic World" before becoming one of "The Midnight Sons."

It was in a dual dance, a terpsichorean feat in which she was garbed and bore herself chiefly as a demure Quaker maiden, and yet disclosed stirrings of a spirit anti-Quakerish, in which Elizabeth Brice disclosed the gleams of stardust. Miss Brice, who is collaterally related to the late United States Senator, Calvin S. Brice, was born in Toledo. There, too, her education progressed to the point where she was declared ready for the Girls' Seminary of Cleveland, from which she was graduated. Like Janet Priest and Jane Cowl, she was briefly a newspaper woman. The closing of an affair with which she was connected turned her thoughts stageward and New Yorkward. She joined "The Social Whirl" Company and successively appeared in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" and "The Mimic World." Her present work, and her most pronounced success, are with "The Motor Girl."

The fairy that distributes pleasing and powerful soprano voices presided also at the birth of Miss Alice Yorke, who sings the leading rôle in "A Broken Idol." Most girlish of all the contemporaneous prima donnas is this gifted Canadian, born twenty-one years ago. She is Miss Yorke only on the stage and the bill boards. Elsewhere she is Miss Alice Hill, member of a prominent family of Toronto. Previous to his death three years ago her father, H. J. Hill, was for twenty-five years the managing director of the Industrial Exposition, an institution to which loyal citizens of the Canadian city refer as "A monument to Mr. Hill's energy and ability." Loretta Abbey Convent of Toronto was her Alma Mater. Always foremost in the dramatic entertainments of the school, the stage future cast its shadow before. "It was the finest Christmas gift Santa Claus ever brought me," Miss Yorke said of the telegram which came to her three years ago from the "Isle of Spice" Company, offering her a position in its chorus, an offer that was instantly accepted. For four weeks only she sang in the chorus, for she was promoted to leading rôles. To her were given the prima donna rôles of "A Knight for a Day" and "The Three Twins."



MURIEL TERRY



ELIZABETH BRICE



VERNON CASTLE



JANE COWL



ALICE YORKE

Scenes in "The Dollar Princess" at the Knickerbocker



Hall

ACT I. VALLI VALLI AS ALICE COWDER AND THE TYPEWRITER GIRLS SINGING "A SELF-MADE MAIDEN"



Hall

ACT III. DONALD BRIAN AS FREDDY SMYTHE AND CHORUS SINGING "LOVE'S A RACE"

The Real Clyde Fitch

THE real Clyde Fitch was a vibrating and nervous personality, unrevealed in his plays and undiscovered among persons who had not the fortune to know him well. His energy was dynamic. Life with him was a fierce white flame. He lived like a Sultan and worked like a dock laborer on an eighteen-hour shift. He was a paradox of Latin languor and Yankee hustle. He was infinitely painstaking, but his brain worked like a flash, and the pen in his hand followed a close pace. The world knew little of the elegance of his life, and nothing of his untiring labors. They saw the plays come forth year after year, and either thought that writing and play construction came easily to him or gave the matter no thought at all. He was always misunderstood. He believed labor would correct all this misunderstanding, so he toiled on and on. The great passion of his life was to work. Accomplishment was his aim. He thought little of his half-hundred plays that have been produced upon the stage; his mind was always upon the work of the future, sometimes of the far distant future, which he did not live to see.

Fitch has often told me that his first boyhood dream of the future was to become a poet, and that through all the intervening years the desire was ever with him. Some day, he would never, and could not say when, he hoped to write a serious poetical drama. Rostand was his hero. He worshipped at the shrine of the man who composed "Cyrano de Bergerac." Some day, he said, he would throw all other ambitions aside and try his hand and brain at a pretentious effort in verse. His youthful compositions demonstrate his abilities in this direction, but from the day of his first success as a playwright, managers' checks and contracts were a lure in other channels, and his hope to be recognized as a poet perished with him.

Then, again, he wanted to try his hand at the novel of American life and manners. Only a few weeks ago he told me that he was giving the matter serious consideration. He felt the restraints of the stage upon the writer of plays. His constant aim was for brevity. After the manuscript of a play was completed, he tried diligently to prune and cut it. Superfluous words and scenes were often eliminated at the last moment before production. Often he cherished the passages thus cut away and thrown to oblivion. They threw lights and shadows upon his characterizations; but ever true to his craft, he used the blue pencil freely and with no regrets.

"Perhaps this habit of elimination and brevity has disqualified me for novel-writing," he said. "But, then, novels are too long usually, and my experience may be a help rather than a hindrance. I discussed this matter at length with Robert Hichens in Sicily, when he was writing 'The Garden of Allah' and I was at work upon 'Her Great Match.' He believed in elaboration of detail; I did not.

Another great desire of Fitch's life was to achieve European popularity. While his plays were reaping harvests of dollars in America and American actors and actresses were assuming positions of consequence in the theatrical world by reason of them, Europe turned a cold shoulder and barely knew his name. The London production of "The Truth" seemed to turn the tide and attracted to him international attention. This gave him one of the distinct satisfactions of his life. The piece was taken for production in various European capitals and succeeded. Managers began to bid for more work from the same pen. "The Woman in the Case" received much attention in London, and my last note from the author, received several days after his death, records that he had that day disposed of the acting rights to many of his plays for all Europe, South Africa and Australia.



White Jack Hendrix (Cyril Scott) Willa Chase (Adelaide Manola)
SCENE IN THOMPSON BUCHANAN'S COMEDY "THE INTRUDER" AT THE
BIJOU THEATRE



Photos White
EDITH BRADFORD
As Masha in "The Chocolate Soldier"



IDA BROOKS HUNT
As Nadina Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier"



GEORGE TALLMAN
As the Major in "The Chocolate Soldier"

The desire for widespread popularity was distinctly Fitchian. While the most aristocratic of men in regard to the mob, he cherished the mob's approval. He was

ransacked old palaces of Europe and haunted the dens of the art dealers. Each season he added a vast consignment. Last year he brought from Spain delicate lace

loyal to his friends (once he told me he had but three) and was satisfied with them. He didn't care for more. But he did want the crowd to acknowledge his merits as a playwright. His plays were conceived and executed with great labor; he demanded that the labor be rewarded by an acknowledgement to Fitch the author. What people thought of Fitch the man, he often said, he cared not a fig.

His most striking personal characteristic, perhaps, was his love of elegance in everything about him. When a youngster just out of college, and when he could ill afford it, he engaged a man to wait upon him and maintained sumptuous apartments. He formed the habit in those days of an annual pilgrimage to Europe. Then, when success came, he increased the scale of magnificence at home. Finally, he had two homes in the country and a big town house in New York. They were literally storehouses of European and Oriental art. Trains of servants answered his call. He lounged about his various apartments on priceless tapestries. Flowers were always everywhere about him. On every hand were marbles, paintings, enamels, brocades and bronzes from the four quarters of the earth.

Cigarettes were passed to him from an old silver casket studded with rubies and sapphires. He supped his morning coffee from rare egg-shell china, duplicates of which are rare in museums. He

altar-cloths from obscure convents, which were spread beneath French plate glass on his dining table. He decked himself in mandarin robes, perhaps taking a hint from the author of "Carmen." Luxury was as the breath of life to him.

His bed was a wonderful art work executed in France. Four gilded cupids supported it upon their shoulders. It was hung with draperies said to have come from the Petit Trianon. To this he retired when in the city. But he did not sleep. Servants piled volumes about him, and, when too weary to write, he read often until the dawn streaked the East. He had collected thousands of volumes. His reading covered a broad range of the literatures of the world. His books were selected with infinite care: The sound of the auctioneer's hammer in his home would be a sacrilege. Every article of furniture had been selected by him with loving care and the skill of a connoisseur. His art treasures occupied a place in his affections similar to those of the brothers Goncourt.

Amidst this Oriental luxury, however, he worked and worked. With his morning coffee he dashed off letters at lightning speed. He had a voluminous correspondence and never dictated letters to an amanuensis. In the composition of his plays he made a rough draft, frequently in pencil. This was transcribed in ink and then began the laborious part of composition.



White
WILLIAM PRUETTE
As Colonel Kasimir Popoff in the comic opera, "The Chocolate Soldier," at the Lyric Theatre

Carrying the manuscript about with him from place to place in a portfolio, he revised and corrected, always aiming to eliminate superfluous words and aiding direct expression of ideas. The first corrections were made in blue pencil. Then another revision was made in red pencil. Then, resembling a patchwork or Jacob's coat, the varicolored script was sent away to the typist for the professional copies.

It was work, infinite work, and often consumed eighteen hours a day. Once I knew him to work on "The Truth" for four con-

ill when he sailed away. He was ill last winter. Physicians counselled him to desist from labors that consumed his physical and mental energy. In February, as was his custom, he was about to sail, but, upon the advice of doctors, decided to spend the summer in America. He planned a long automobile tour of this country. He promised his friends and doctors that he would rest.

In this period of rest, however, he was working upon two plays for production this season. One was serious and to be



White Comtesse de Moret (Cordelia MacDonald) Lucy (Ann Murdock) Marion (Gertrude Coghlan) Captain Chalford (Cyril Chadwick)
Act II. Lucy renders for Captain Chalford a ditty with much feeling
SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY "THE NOBLE SPANIARD" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

secutive days and three nights without sleep. During that period of unnatural vigil, he took occasional spins to the country in his automobile. He read books for a time to rest his brain. Still, this labor was merely the task of revision. He had spent months upon the writing.

Often he had several plays in hand at one time. He has rarely written a piece and given it over to immediate production, except in the case of "The Blue Mouse" and other adaptations in which merely the story or plot was borrowed from other sources.

He was fond of fast motoring and fast railroading. Once he told me his brain worked best while he was in Europe on vacation and could speed about from town to town, coming to a sudden halt at some small tavern, and with his blood still tingling from the excitement, grasp pen and paper. At such moments his thoughts came at lightning speed. His brain ran a race with his hand. Then, when work was slow, he would dine or take luncheon, board the motor car and speed along to repeat the operation.

It was thus that he was flitting about Europe when the fatal operation became necessary at Chalons, France. Clyde Fitch was

called "The City." The other a comedy for Miss Zelda Sears, which he wanted to call "Kitty and the Canary," upon the suggestion of Miss Sears. His health improved as the spring progressed, and he came to realize more of his powers of endurance. He longed for the European holiday, and suddenly decided to sail. "The Woman in the Case" was the success of the London season. He wanted to be there. He frankly said so; that was one of the things he had always hoped for.

Arriving in London, he enjoyed the fruits of his labors in fullest measure, and again fell a victim to the old desire to work. He motored to Stratford, and in the Midlands divided his days between motoring and composition. At Bath he wrote: "The odor of Beau Nash's snuff seems still to linger about the place. I am very happy here." He crossed the channel and was soon plunging through Germany. At Heidelberg he wrote: "I have stopped off here to work, and find the place very conducive to it." At Berlin he said he was working. Further South—working, working, working. Finally, at Trier, he wrote the message which was to be the last. His cup of joy seemed overflowing. Two days later he was to be under the surgeon's knife at Chalons.

(Continued on page x)



White

The Duke of Hermanos (Robert Edson)

Marion Nairne (Gertrude Coghlan)

Act I. The Duke of Hermanos forces his way into Marion's home and declares his passion for her
SCENE IN "THE NOBLE SPANIARD" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



EXTERIOR OF LAWRENCE BARRETT'S COUNTRY HOME AT COHASSET, MASS.

The Actors' Colony in Cohasset

By THE LATE LAWRENCE BARRETT'S DAUGHTER

I HAVE been asked to give a little sketch of what, for many years, was known as the Actors' Corner in Cohasset. At first it seemed a very simple task, but as I try to think of the old days so many memories crowd in that it is difficult to know just where to begin.

My father, the late Lawrence Barrett, bought our place about thirty-five years ago, of Meredith, the actor. In those days Cohasset looked very different from what it is to-day. Then it was only a little fishing village. Large schooners came back and forth with salt fish, coal, etc., and around our place ran a road with wharves and broken-down buildings edging the water. The house was small and not very good, and until we removed the old sheds and built the sea wall, which surrounds it now, the water in very high tides used to come up on the lawn. To-day the harbor has filled up so that no large boat can enter, and this, of course, has killed all the old industries.

By degrees my father enlarged the house and filled in the marshes, until it became as it is to-day. It was his hobby, and he loved every stone in the dear old place. He could spend little time there, until the last ten years of his life, for his work kept him very busy, and he allowed himself only about three weeks' vacation. His chief delight was yachting. First he had a little sloop, "The Miily." Later he bought a small schooner, "The Breeze," and at the last (to please Edwin Booth, who hated to be becalmed, and was a regular "Jonah" on all our trips) he bought a little launch, which he named "The Athlete." I think the trips on "The Miily" were among his happiest. That year Bret Harte had a house in Cohasset. With General Bartlett, the Civil War hero who often came to visit his mother, and many other guests whose names all awaken fond mem-

ories, we would go out for a day's fishing or sailing. Once he rashly promised fish for dinner, and when he returned with none it rather upset the workings of the house, so after that, bites or no bites, fish were forthcoming, but I think some other fisherman had a little fuller pocketbook for it.

Across the bend of the harbor, soon after we went there, Stuart Robson, the comedian, bought a cottage, and he and my father were always together from that time on. I can see the former now, in a long, flowing dressing-gown, walking with a quick, nervous step up and down on his porch, always smoking, stopping now and then to tell some funny story, with not a smile on his face, and then taking up his quick march again. Every Fourth of July he threw his place open to the poor children of the town, and gave them a treat they never forgot. I think he enjoyed it as much as they. Every afternoon you could see him starting out with his first wife (one of the best of women) in an old phaeton. The horse usually drove himself and, seeing a pleasing driveway, would often turn in. Mrs. Robson then would nudge her lord, and remind him where they were straying. "Yes, Mrs. Robson," would be the answer. The horse would be put on to the right road, and for a while all would go well. Then it would begin all over again. Soon after the Robsons came, Charles Thorne, of

the old Union Square company, took the house next to him. My memory of Mr. Thorne is slight, as I was very young when he came, and he only lived there a short time. I seem to see a large, fair, jovial man in an old flannel suit and big straw hat, usually bent on some fishing trip. Mr. Thorne was a peculiar man. He had a horror of death and growing old, and would turn pale even if the subjects were mentioned. He had a very beautiful wife and two daughters, and one of his delights



WILLIAM H. CRANE'S FORMER RESIDENCE AT COHASSET

was driving around with his children, my sisters, and Stuart Robson's daughter, sometimes going to Lilly Pond for frogs' legs, of which delicacy he was very fond.

Cohasset in those days was very primitive. We had the first tennis net ever seen there, and when it was first put up, father one day saw some old fishermen leaning on the wall laughing and pointing at the net. He strolled down to see what the joke was, but at first could not find out. Finally, one fisherman, more daring than the rest, said: "Wall, Mr. Barrett, we knew play-actors didn't know much about the sea, but we did think you knew a bit better than to put a net up to catch fish on dry land."

When Mr. Thorne left Cohasset, Stuart Robson bought his house, which was larger than the cottage, giving the latter to his daughter, Alicia, who married Morton S. Crebore of Boston. In the second home Mrs. Robson died, and after that, for a while (until his second marriage), he lived with his daughter, and the old home, which he could not bear to enter again, was taken away. To-day there is no sign of it, only trees and lawn where it stood.

If the walls of our house could talk they could tell great tales of the old stage days. William Warren, of the old Museum Company, was a frequent guest. He occupied what we called the Oriental room, and one night could not sleep as the mosquitoes bothered him. Shortly after that we went to see him in "A Wife's Peril" at the Museum. He took the part of a bad-tempered old East Indian officer, who comes home on a visit. His lines and "business" were to object to everything. He made us all laugh by saying, "They put me in the Oriental room—I hate Oriental rooms; the mosquitoes were thick, and I hate mosquitoes," etc.

After Stuart Robson moved into his second home, William H. Crane came and bought the next place to him, on the corner. That was also much run down when he bought it, but he took great delight in beautifying it, and to-day it is one of the prettiest

places in Cohasset. Mr. Crane loved the sea, and was constantly out in his big yacht *The Senator*. When an actor works he works hard, and when he plays he plays just as hard. These men all lived very strenuous lives during the winter, and when they took their vacation they began it weary of limb and mind. They each spent their days as they enjoyed them most, but in the evenings they usually congregated in my father's library.

In the later years these gatherings were reduced to Edwin Booth, my father, Stuart Robson and William Crane. Oh, the stories that would then fly! Edwin Booth liked best to sit quietly by and smoke his everlasting pipe, but now and then he would break in with one of his darkie stories, told in the real old "darkie" dialect.

It was in this library that was first conceived the plan for the Players' Club of New York, which, later, Edwin Booth, by a free gift, presented and dedicated to the theatrical profession. The handsome clubhouse on Gramercy Park afterwards became their home whenever they acted in New York, and to it each bequeathed all his theatrical treasures. In the private suite of rooms which Mr. Booth reserved in the clubhouse for his own use the distinguished actor breathed his last.

One night, I remember, Mr. Robson and Mr. Crane sang *I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Grows*, which they had sung with great success in one of their plays, and when it was over they suggested that the

"heavy tragedians" should give the famous quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, but they laughingly declined. Once in a while, my father, who had a very sweet voice, could be persuaded to sing, and that was a real treat. His *Low Back Car*, *Annie Laurie* and other songs would bring tears to our eyes, but he was very shy about his singing. Of course, the old walls rang with young voices, too. I had two sisters, and Alicia Robson, Lillie Thorne, "Dot Boucicault," William Seymour (now Charles Frohman's right-hand man) were always together.



Photo Hall

The Marquis (F. Pope Stamper)

Daisy (Adrienne Augarde)

Act III. The Marquis and Daisy singing *Reminiscence*

SCENE IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

One day William Seymour and I—he was about eighteen and I eight—performed "Romeo and Juliet" in the barn. My father hid in the woodshed to hear it, as we were naturally shy about airing our talents before him. When Romeo begged Juliet to "fly from this spot," I (Juliet), being very fond of Cohasset, replied:

chased the place it was little better than a fisherman's cottage, but he rebuilt and enlarged it until it became its present size. The actor was very fond of entertaining and lived most comfortably.

After my father's death we sold our place to Clarence W. Barron. The Robson place is still standing and his grandchildren and



Sykes, Chicago

Sister Giovanna (Viola Allen)

Countess Chiamonte (Minna Gale)

Lieut. Basili (Richie Ling)

Act IV. Countess Chiamonte: "One would almost think you were trying to undo your own work!"

SCENE IN MARION CRAWFORD AND WALTER HACKETT'S PLAY "THE WHITE SISTER" AT DALY'S THEATRE

"No—let us take this spot with us." My father laughed so loud that he fell off the woodbox and rolled in a heap with the whole contents of the shed on top of him, nearly breaking his neck.

Those were the old days when one horse was considered enough, when a flannel shirt worn all day was perfectly correct, and there was no thought of fashion. Later there had to be more horses, the barn was replaced by a stable, a yacht took the place of a small boat, and a captain and men had to be provided. Yet somehow I think the old days were the happiest.

Mr. Crane's home was delightful inside, the rooms large, the ceilings low. The veranda was very spacious and was often used as a stage for the rehearsals of plays. When Mr. Crane pur-

son-in-law live there. Mr. Crane sold his house last year to the Rev. Howard Key Bartow, rector of the Episcopal Church in Cohasset, and to-day there is not a trace of the old life in that corner. However, there are many who remember those days, and my father's memory is very dear to all the Cohasset people, so also that of Stuart Robson. They are both buried in the old graveyard, nearly side by side, right by the water which they so dearly loved.

In this busy work-a-day world, it is sweet to have such memories to fall back on, and when they are filled with such tender love as we children had for the best father in the world they are well worth while.

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Submarine Actors

(Continued from page 140)

"steam room" for eight minutes before we got a signal to come up.

The Hippodrome tank is sixteen feet deep, and the floor, which forms the stage of the "apron", sinks fourteen feet. The water is kept at a temperature of 90 degrees F. by means of steam pipes running around the sides of the tank. The average, or mean temperature on the stage is about 65 degrees F. The diving bell, as it is generally known, is not used, but the scheme appears to be on the same principle, so far as could be seen. The men are under water eight minutes and the girls are under water five minutes. Six in a row enter the water at the same time, followed closely by six more and so on till twenty-four have gone to the bottom. Each six get under the "horse-trough" diving-bell arrangement and each six move to one side of the tank, alternately to either side. From the audience one can trace the movements by following the air-bubbles on the surface of the water.

The costumes, which look like silver, and are of the regular armor style, made in scales, cost \$25,000. They are made of aluminum and were designed and built by Alfredo Edel in Paris. They are greased so as not to rust and so the water will run off.

But, in the meantime, what has become of Rose Allen, who went to the bottom of the lake on the sinking island?

All this time she has been under a toad-stool-looking thing, a la diving bell, breathing oxygen that would stand a much better chance of passing an examination by Dr. Wiley than the air in the theatre proper. She arises to the surface in a golden boat and is taken ashore, the water glistening on her beautiful white garment. She is greeted and surrounded by her friends. Then she steps to the centre of the stage and begins to sing—in reality, she does no such thing. While surrounded by her friends another woman, dressed exactly the same, but dry, steps forward, and the water-nymph hurries wet and shivering to her dressing room.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The Real Clyde Fitch

(Continued from page 160)

"Very successful in placing plays throughout Europe. Some of them will go to Italy, Germany, France, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. Disposed of South African and Australian rights to others. Anxious to get back to New York for rehearsals of 'The City.' Expect to sail September 3." And on September 4 he was dead.

Fitch had several favorites among stage celebrities. Among these perhaps foremost was Maxine Elliott, with whose rise to popularity he had played a leading rôle. He had faith in the actress and admired the woman. When he traveled, silver-mounted portraits of her were always in his trunks and were among the first items to be taken out and placed upon his desk or mantel as he tarried. He thought highly of the artistic ability of Zelda Sears, and predicted for her a prominent place among theatrical stars of the future. Last spring he told me he thought that Lillian Russell might yet shine as a particular genius in American drama. He was considering a proposition to write a play for her, and was enthusiastic about her dramatic skill. Another prominent woman star who has been pushed to the front by her managers he thought much overrated. He said "Paid in Full" was probably the most perfect play written by an American.

Fitch's passion for color was interesting and sometimes amusing. He hated ostentation, and had no idea that he was conspicuous in manner of dress, although he had evening clothes made from several shades of the rainbow, often went forth decked in purple from head to foot, and almost habitually wore white gloves and screaming cravats. He loved Italy and Sicily chiefly for the kaleidoscope of color into which he was plunged when motoring from village to village. Once he told me his favorite dish was broiled lobster, because he liked the color of the claws.

Thus he lived in a rainbow of color, luxury, and vibrating, almost impetuous, energy. He loved life. He wanted to live to work. What he did was but a fraction of what he had planned to do. He burned the candle of life at both ends and the surgeon's knife assisted in the final flame. He lived alone and was lonely. ARCHIE BELL.

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At the Theatres

(Continued from page 187)

man is the quintessence of comedy garnished with farce. It is a rare blend, and the true comedian is manifested in it. His agony at passages that are properly done and spoken is as exquisite as his delight in their following his directions which are absurd. His unconventional methods and spontaneity of spirit are rare.

HUDSON. "ON THE EVE." Drama in four acts by Martha Morton (from the German of Leopold Kampf.) Produced Oct. 4 with the cast:

Mascha Vlasdor, Beatrice Prentice; Sophya, Minna Adelman; Anton, Edwin Brandt; Otto, Louis Haines; Vassili, Frederick Lewis; Anna, Ricanskaya, Hedwig Reicher; Tantul Vlasdor, Joseph Adelman; Alexei Nicholaievich, Robert Reese; Dr. Michael Petrovich, Maurice Franklin; Gregor, Grosman Sedley-Brown; Ivan, Rene Grau; Simon, James Grady; Captain of Police, Joseph Rawley; Teploff, Frank Keenan; Corporal, William Bolger; Sergia Pavlovich, Harry Davenport; Nanon, Stella Hammerstein; Louisa, Eva MacDonald; Otilii, Amy Lesser; Johnny, May Maloney.

"On the Eve" is one of those plays that make a great furore on the Continent, a sensation which, when brought to the United States, is not duplicated. American sympathies are sane and intelligent, but our audiences must understand conditions. In the case of Russian atrocities and nihilism it is difficult for this people to strike the balance. We understand in a general way the two facts of oppression and resistance; but we also know that we would find a way to the speedy solution of the problem without carrying on a senseless, hopeless, eternal warfare under cover. We know that with us the autocratic oppressor and his instrument Teploff would be swept out of existence within twenty-four hours of committing a single wholesale massacre,—and there would be no second Teploff. Our sympathies therefore while existent in the way of pity for humanity, when sought to be aroused by a play, require that play to touch us as a play. Of the two plays, Martha Morton's adaptation and Dr. Kampf's document, the original is the more simple, direct and powerful, even in its crude form, but one must be a Nihilist, in touch with all the details of Russian life, to get its full message. Its dramatic scheme, its sincerity, its stage settings and the life depicted, admitting of no euphemism, are dank with misery. Miss Morton's adaptation is glitteringly theatrical and her scenes are equally distributed between the interiors of poverty and privation and those of palaces, splendid to the eye. Her skill is very manifest in the adaptation. She has desiccated and diluted the original and yet has preserved the essential features. The outline is there, but much has been added. Teploff, who is not seen but only felt in Dr. Kampf's play is made to figure importantly. That is essential in the present scheme of the play and is not in itself a technical fault. It is in the padding that the play loses its compactness. A scene of orgie at Teploff's house with the wine bibbing and hilarious dancing of bedizened women of a certain class is too remotely to the purpose. Teploff is played by one of the very best character actors of the day, Mr. Frank Keenan, but in the scene referred to he is smothered by this too much insistency atmosphere.

Hedwig Reicher as Anna makes her first appearance as an English speaking actress, coming with honor from the German stage. She has distinction and authority about her, and is prepossessing, with a dark eye that has soul in it, intelligence and temperament.

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SAVOY. "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE." Play in four acts by Charlotte Thompson. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Martha King, Sally Williams; Sarah, Gertrude Swiggett; Dr. William King, Charles Wyngate; Dr. Lavendar, John Findlay; Helena Richie, Miss Anglin; Sam Wright, George Probet; Lloyd Pryor, Eugene Ormonde; David Allison, Master Raymond Hackett; Benjamin Wright, Robert Cummings.

In "The Awakening of Helena Richie" we are asked to shed tears over the various unhappy states of an intellectual woman who, in those vitally close relations with men which lead to happiness or woe, has had so little divination of character before her marriage and so little control over that husband's destiny and conduct, that she had to wait until he sank into degeneracy through drink, and wilfully murdered their babe before she came to her senses; a woman, who while living clandestinely, during her husband's life, with another man and posing as his sister, hasn't sense enough to see that a young

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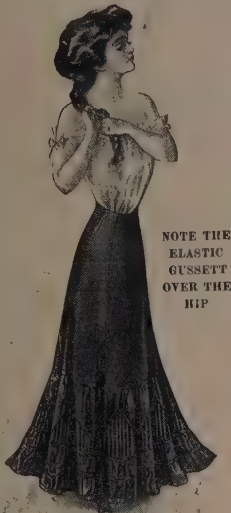
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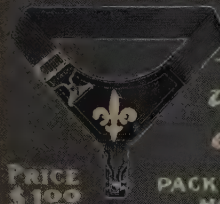
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poet, plainly a lunatic, is so infatuated with her that the slightest encouragement is dangerous, as it soon proves when he puts a bullet through his head; a woman who did not have intelligence enough to know that her lover, posing as her brother, did not intend to marry her, and for the very reason that he afterwards gives, because of his young daughter and his family. We are asked to sympathize with her because she scorns the tame, conventional ideas of a little country town in which she is living her immoral idyl of love. At the very opening of the play this love is proved by an amount of osculation and active propinquity of person that would almost sicken the beholder of such a scene sanctioned by act of Parliament or the laws of the Church or by an Alderman at least. There was an awakening, but Helena Richie was not easily roused. It required disaster and the combined efforts of the world, led by a persistent preacher to awaken her. Perhaps all sinners are fools, but Helena Richie was such a perfect lady through it all, so amiable and such a fountain of tears when retribution smote her again and again that we pitied her. We will not be the first to cast a stone at her. In fact, we forgive her for everything but parading her woes by having a brilliant woman to describe and analyze them in a book, another able woman to dramatize them, and another accomplished and beautiful woman to act them and triumph in them. It is all consistently feminine, emotional and illogical. Like many plays that will not stand analysis, it will probably prosper and restore to audiences the entertainment of tears.

LYRIC. "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER." Comic opera in three acts. Music by Oscar Strauss. Libretto by Rudolph Bernauer and Leopold Jacobson. Produced Sept. 13 with this cast:

Nadina Popoff, Ida Brooks Hunt; Aurelia Popoff, Flavia Arcaro; Masha, Edith Bradford; Lieutenant Bumerli, J. E. Gardner; Captain Massakroff, Francis J. Boyle; Louka, Lillian Poli; Stephen, George C. Ogle; Colonel Kasimir Popoff, William Pruette; Major Alexius Spiridoff, George Tallman.

It would almost seem as if popular taste in the matter of musical productions was distinctly on the advance. The Viennese school, which gave so much pleasure in years gone by, has, under the leadership of Lehar, again come into its own, and for the time being music of form, substance and real melody has taken the place of those British scores of saccharine tinkle and invertebrate composition that have so recently monopolized the local boards. It is real comic opera that F. C. Whitney is presenting at the Lyric. "The Chocolate Soldier" is one of the most refreshing entertainments of its kind heard and seen here in moons. G. Bernard Shaw, even in his advanced moments, is always a mental delight, and strange as it may seem, popular appreciation of his paradox and epigram has, as far as this country is concerned, been splendidly appreciated. Allowing, then, that "Arms and the Man" has first been liberally adapted into German and from thence into "American," it is not surprising that certain Shawisms have been lost in the transition; but from a master piece of sarcastic humor Stanislaus Stange has evolved a book of subtle humor, literary nicety and consequential interest.

Id Brooks Hunt sings Nadina with a clarity and purity of vocal expression worthy of high enthusiasm. Edith Bradford is an alert and engaging Mascha and J. E. Gardner interprets Bumerli with sincere heroism. William Pruette brings his resounding bass to good effect as the Colonel and the egotistical vagaries of the Major are gracefully represented by George Tallman.

A Viennese, Oscar Strauss, happily preserves the time honored tradition of Austrian operetta, and proves himself a worthy successor to Millocker, Suppe, Czibulka and his better known namesake, Johann. Not only is there melody in his score, but refined and distinctive orchestration as well.

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LIBERTY. "THE WIDOW'S MIGHT." Comedy in four acts by Edmund Day. Produced Sept. 13 with this cast:

Mortimer Wall, Frederick Truesdell; Richard Wall, Joseph Tuohy; Hamilton Broad, Julius McVicker; Charles Hoffman, Morgan Wallace; Willard Hooper, Sydney Booth; Silas Grierson, John W. O'Hara; Henry William Puffer, Samuel J. Burton; Joseph Moran, Daniel Fitzgerald; John Bigelow, C. P. Dare; Hampton, T. Hayes Hunter; Mrs. Henry William Puffer, Susanne Westford; Maud, Jessie M. Richey; Sallie, Mona Mayo; Clara, Mabel Greet; The Girl at the Piano, Helen Ross; Mary Mapes, Margaret Maclyn; Beryl Quarrier, Ellen Mortimer; Mrs. Laura Curtis, Lillian Russell.

In "The Widow's Might" we have, in certain scenes, stage management at its best, but there are indications that the play was written to order to fit the particular star, Miss Lillian Russell, and

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that, consequently it is used as a makeshift. It is a befitting circumstance that Miss Russell should be a widow and have many suitors. Mr. Day, in executing his cast, has drawn the line on four and has formed them into a kind of incorporation. There is to be fair play and the best man is to win under an agreement made between them. This agreement comes out very naturally. The widow goes to consult one of them, a broker, and her three other admirers happen in. She wishes to dispose of some of her gold mining shares. She knows that the greater part of her husband's estate has been swept away in a business transaction, but is not aware that these elaborately engraved shares representing a considerable fortune are valueless. None of her suitors disabuses her of this impression, and they decide to supply her with dividends from her stock by equal contributions. The one who wins her hand is to foot the bill. The widow's uncle, who manages her affairs for her, finds it to his interest to prejudice her against the broker whom she had first consulted and to whom she is most inclined. He makes her believe that he was treacherous and the cause of her husband's ruin. Later she overhears a conversation which discloses to her his innocence and the real facts in the case. This turn in the action comes to a point where the stock broker and the uncle are engaged in the market in a battle for supremacy. Her mining shares or stock will decide the issue. She throws them in the balance and saves the day for the man whom she had misjudged and whom she loves. This scene is in the offices of a firm of stock brokers, her suitors. As a scene of stage management with the coming and going of messengers and people involved in the excitement of affairs, with its tickers and all the incidents of such a scene, whether it truly represents actuality or not it is certainly effective. It is an achievement in stage management.

NEW YORK "THE MAN WHO OWNS BROADWAY." Musical play in three acts by Geo. M. Cohan. Produced Oct. 11 with this cast:

Sydney Lyons, Raymond Hitchcock; Anthony Bridwell, Stanley Forde; Tom Bridwell, Scott Welsh; Sylvia Bridwell, Flora Zabelle; George Burnham, George Lydecker; Caroline Curtis, Lora Lieb; Edith Wilson, Frances Gordon; Andrews, Mark Sullivan; Bill Robinson, Mark Sullivan; Anna, Maude Morris; Butler, W. J. Ford; Harry Hathaway, W. J. Ford; Starter, Armand King; Detective, Ralph Harlow; Captain at Martin's, Curt Karpe; Special Officer, Thomas Shields.

That contingent of the community known as the "tired business man," the element that demands the frothiest of entertainment after a strenuous day amid the busy marts of trade, has again been provided for. Cohan and Harris are the managers who cater to these jaded mental conditions and the New York Theatre is the scene of their prescient activity. "Popularity" as it came from the pen of Mr. Cohan some years since, did not meet with favor as a serious proposition. However, convinced that he had a good idea he dug into his trunk, resurrected the discredited Mss. and taking nothing but the central theme evolved "The Man Who Owns Broadway" a musical play which seems destined for assured popularity. It is a real Cohan show, bustle, business, snap and ginger are its salient qualities. It starts at top speed and the action is not allowed to flag for a second. All is activity, all is earnestness and beneath it all is an element of contemporaneous significance and humorous expression that never fails to evoke laughter of the most spontaneous and comprehensive character. Mr. Cohan is also responsible for the musical accompaniment. His is not the highest form of harmonious expression, but he has the popular quality at his finger tips and the result is a score of simple but compelling melody with an irresistible rhythm that keeps the feet tapping a responsive echo. The star is Raymond Hitchcock, and the role which he plays, Sydney Lyons, a (Broadway comic opera star is none other than his comically dear self.) How he frustrates a designing couple, man and woman, how he asserts the worth and dignity of his profession and how he wins the hand of a millionaire's daughter is told in a series of scenes that are instinct with life and color.

HERALD SQUARE. "THE ROSE OF ALGERIA." Musical play in two acts by Victor Herbert. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Zoradie, Lillian Herlein; Millicent Madison, Ethel Green; Mirzah, Edith Ethel MacBride; Zaphirie, Marion Wynne; General Petitpous, Eugene Cowles; Barnum Sells, William Gaston; Bailey Ringling, James Diamond; Capt. de Lome, Frank Pollock; Mrs. Billings F. Coings, Anna Wheaton; Mr. Billings F. Coings, Ralph Nairn; Lieut. Bertrand, Maitland Davies; Mimi, Belle Pallma; Pierre, Edward Tabor; Phillipe, Carl Kahn; Sergeant Georges, Ralph Watson; Fanelson, Carrie Polt; Camille, Florrie Polt; Toni, Nellie Polt.

"The Rose of Algeria" is a revised version of the "Algeria" last season. The music of it by Victor Herbert needed no revision and is not

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different except in added or transposed numbers made necessary by the book. In any event it is highly characteristic of this composer and is often splendid and inspiring. It is the only thing that gives significance, on occasion, to parts of the story of the opera. The libretto, although it attempts to give that which is most to be desired in comic opera, a consistent story, would remain stupid and not worth the while even if intelligible and consistent. That it is lifted up into something from time to time is due entirely to the music. The mere movements on the stage are pleasing to the eye, with a rich supply of all the attributes of comic opera production. Its humor is commonplace, and it is unfortunate that the limitations of music have not permitted Mr. Victor Herbert to bring his art to the rescue of the puerilities and shortcomings of the dialogue. We cannot say that the book has been improved. It may be worse than books commonly are in the comic operas of the day, but capable libretto writers are surely needed. In music "The Rose of Algeria" perhaps out-classes anything of the moment and is well worth hearing and, incidentally, seeing.

BIJOU. "THE MASTER KEY." Play in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Edward Chard, Orrin Johnson; Matthew Hempstead, Frank Hatch; Alf Rumble, Bennett Southard; Arthur Welby, Donald McLaren; Amos Tapper, Horace James; John Berbank, Fred W. Strong; Joseph Pring, Ernest Mack; Major Wilding, Harold Mead; Henry Goland, George Standing; Stella Wilding, Leonora Oakford; Lady Wilding, Mildred McNeil; Mrs. Tapper, Justine Cutting; Mary Heron, Frances Ring.

Its career was short, and into that waste paper basket that bulges with MSS. of the unsatisfactory, "The Master Key," by Cosmo Hamilton, has found a place. Manager Brady thinks, however, that with revision the comedy may be whipped into better shape and perhaps may subsequently present it again in altered form. At the Bijou however, it did not satisfy. As one of the innumerable stage parables of the struggle between labor and capital it failed to convince.

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BIJOU. "THE INTRUDER." Comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced Sept. 22 with this cast:

John Chase, Arthur Byron; Willa Chase, Adelaide Manola; Dorothy Chase, Janet Beecher; Thomas P. Hendrix, Scott Cooper; Jack Hendrix, Cyril Scott; Mrs. Thomas P. Hendrix, Maud Turner Gordon; Edith Thomas, Grace Goodall; Maria, Lizzie Goode.

In France, after the State took a hand in the matter and removed from the exclusive control of the Church marriage and divorce, permitting release from what is naturally a sacrament, there was a flood of plays mainly on the evils of divorce. They were serious plays, sad plays, tragic plays. It has been said, but denied, that the intent of "The Intruder" was changed from that of the original manuscript, in which there was a serious purpose. However that may be, the play had not any definite purpose other than the exploitation of farcical situation growing out of the love affair of the two children of divorced people.

The mother of the daughter had married the father of the son. They are thus necessarily brought into constant active contact and clash. The daughter, whose custody the father had retained in the divorce, is now grown and is satisfied with her supreme rule of the father's house, believing that he will not marry again. He is absent from home. He returns suddenly, bringing with him a young and charming wife, without having advised his daughter of the little circumstance of his second marriage. She resents this painful surprise and resists the efforts of the amiable and inexperienced stepmother to gain her heart. She regards her as an intruder. When the young man who loves her presents himself it is seen that he and the newcomer were old friends. This makes the girl jealous and gives her occasion to say something very offensive to her stepmother, who slaps her, the act ending with the girl sobbing through the telephone to her own mother that "she has slapped me". It is obvious that incidents of the kind described are full of animation and action. The plot heads in no other direction than the marriage between the two young people. All else is incident.

MAJESTIC. "A CITIZEN'S HOME." Drama in four acts by H. H. Boyd. Produced Oct. 1 with this cast:

Johann Schmidt, Adolph Lestina; Jack, John Prescott; Dupin, Ernest Perrin; Keilly, Thomas MacLarnie; Connors, Bernard B. Mullen; Donovan, Sheldon Lewis; Haloran, Fred W. Peters; Lucia Ferraro, Sara Biala; Kitty Warren, Jeannette Ferrall.

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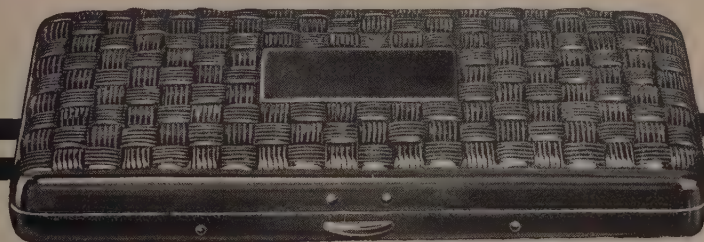
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machine in corrupt municipal politics enables them to ruin men in their business and in their homes. If the play were confined to this proposition it would be a virile and wholesome indictment of a form of civic virtue which the public already realize, and the truth of it would have served a good end. But it undertakes to rehabilitate a girl who had been dragged into the gutter by the successful schemes of the political monster. She is restored to the home of her adoptive father, whose son was to have married her, and to whose arms she now returns forgiven after six weeks spent in a flat carefully guarded by its keeper. Thus, in a few moments of nambypambyism at the close of the play the impossible is attempted—the introduction of a new theme. Without considering questions of good taste and common sense, producers and authors should know that this cannot be done. The play is not about the rights of the girl to happiness, but about her wrongs. It matters not what we believe about the forgiveness of sins, we are more interested in seeing the play drive its logical conclusions home. The play was well acted. Adolph Lestina was sympathetic as the old clock maker, and Sara Biala did justice to the rôle of Lucia. Ernest Perrin, an actor of fine training and vast experience who should be seen more frequently, in local productions, was excellent as Dupin.

At the Two Opera Houses

(Continued from page 139)

Flahaut, Caruso, Bonci, Jorn, Martin, Scotti, Amato, Soomer, Blass, Didur and Hinckley. And at the conductor's desk there will stand or sit the familiar wavers of batons, such as Hertz, Mahler and Toscanini.

This list of forces is assembled not alone for the Metropolitan but also for the performances of opera which will be given by this organization at the New Theatre—for most of the works of lighter genre will be transferred into the smaller and it is to be hoped—more sympathetic spaces of the New Theatre. At the latter institution the days selected for performances of lyric opera and opera comique are alternate Tuesday and Friday evenings and alternate Wednesday and Thursday afternoons; while at the Metropolitan grand opera will flourish on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee. A fine, fat total this makes of one hundred and twenty performances at the Metropolitan and forty at the New Theatre—to say nothing of the inevitable Sunday night concerts.

The repertoire for both of these houses will, in addition to the standard works, contain some novelties that ought to keep the listeners' ears alert during the long season of twenty weeks. Here too the reader must let a few suffice: Leo Blech's "Versiegelt;" Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin;" Converse's "The Pipe of Desire" (an American opera, to be sung in English, mark you!); Humperdinck's "The King's Children;" Franchetti's "Germania;" Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth;" Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame;" Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose"—and then some more.

It's an ambitiously big list—the work of legions of slaves who toil in the opera mart. And the dear public is simply invited to sit back comfortably in a thickly upholstered and sympathetically sprung chair and listen.

And when you recall Oscar Hammerstein's announcement sketched in the last issue of the THEATRE you will quickly realize that never since the time when ears were first soothed and assaulted by music was there such an offering so liberally flung at the heads of the natives of one single big city.

It makes one wonder does Europe read these plans. What does Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna think of such arrangements? Is that pet bogey still stalking in the minds of the French, English, German and Austrian that we are a musically neglected race, in need of artistic sympathy of help?

And, by the way, Oscar Hammerstein has proclaimed that he will begin his season a week earlier than announced, namely on November eighth instead of the fifteenth. Whether it is his fine impatience to get into the winter's operatic arena or whether he thinks the fashionable Horse Showers need some music—for the Horse Show begins on the same date—that explanation is not volunteered. He is going to be ready with grand opera, and the public has nothing to do except to gird on its opera clothes and listen. It will be worth while—unless all signs fail. Verily, it looks as though it were going to be a very brilliant season.



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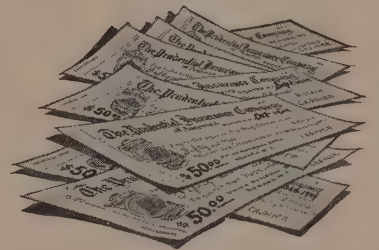
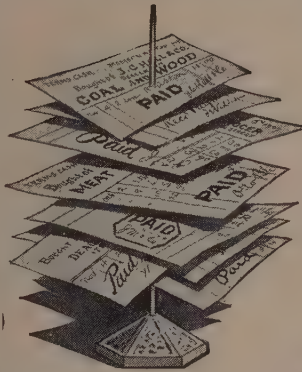
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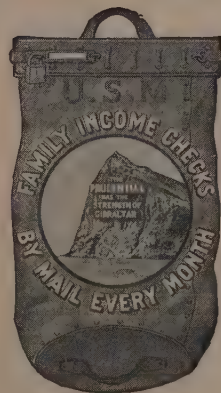
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Parisian Fashion Notes of the Monthly

ON the eve of the social season it behooves all women who would take part in the great functions of the opening weeks, as exemplified in the opera and the National Horse Show, to look well to the selection of their afternoon and evening gowns and wraps.

It will hardly be possible even for the most economically inclined woman to pass muster at any of these events in garments of last year's production, because of the great change that has come over the styles. Even the most casual observer would perceive the trick, the substitution that was being played upon him.

Not only is the fashionable silhouette this year entirely different from that of twelve months ago, but materials and trimmings are many of them entirely new. Then everyone aimed at rather vague outlines in gowns, and the high-waisted Empire and Directoire styles were in high favor.

Now, the great desire of all modish women is to look as though they were moulded into their gowns. Draperies we have, to be sure, and they are of the latest style, but draperies that both, because of the way they are cut and the fabrics employed, are of the most clinging kind.

The change in cut may be summed up in a few words. Shoulders are narrow, and in the main flat. The waistline is longer, as is the line from shoulder to bust. Every possible means, short of lacing, is employed to give the round-waisted effect. Skirts are cut and draped so as to preserve the smooth, rounded contour of the hips, yet with the flat or straight front. Indeed, to such an extent is the flat effect carried that some of the newest skirts have the front seam sloped in to about the region of the knees. So great is the tendency to mould the figure that even in the short walking skirts some of the French tailors have a slight curve in the center back seam. This is so admirably executed that it is the merest suggestion of a curve, but, remembering the vogue of the habit back of vulgar memory some five years ago, it is to be feared that in this country, so soon as the new cut catches on, it will show a like degeneration.

There is an art in dressmaking that only a few realize and appreciate. It takes brains, artistic temperament, education and special training to master the art of dressmaking, and it is because the French so happily combine all these essentials that they are and will be pre-

eminent for generations to come as the fashion creators for the world.

Further, it is the Parisian dressmakers who launch the new fashions not only so far as shapes are concerned, but equally are they the first to set the styles with regard to fabrics, trimmings and colors. Whatever Paris uses, sooner or later becomes the accepted fashion in every civilized country. Women who are the acknowledged social and fashion leaders of every nation make at least the yearly pilgrimage to Paris in order to revel in the beautiful garments there spread out for their adornment.

The Parisian dressmakers delight in creating costumes for the world-famous beauties in the same way that the jeweler searches

for the setting which will best set off some rare gem. The artist in dressmaking is often inspired by the beauty of his client, but it is not alone beauty of face or form, but in almost equal measure beauty of carriage that inspires him to his best efforts, and if a client is possessed of all these attributes she is indeed to be envied, for then gowns will be created for her that will be of marked individuality, and will make her a veritable queen of fashion as well as beauty.

Fabrics, then, being of such importance, a few words on what the French dressmakers are using are timely. For afternoon and evening costumes and wraps, soft, supple materials only are employed. Even furs this season take on this supple quality. They are much lighter weight than they have been, and therefore the fashionable long fur coats can even be worn on the promenade without their being cumbersome, or impeding the easy, graceful movement of the wearers.

Silk, satin, velvet, are all fashionable. Among the novelties are ottoman silk with velvet fleur de lis in the same tone, ottoman moiré, voile moiré, glace moiré, moiré etincellé—that is, with gold or silver threads woven into the material—voile etincellé, ottomans printed in Persian and Louis XVI designs and colors, shot satins, diagonal velvets, moiré chiffon velvet, crepon silk, natté or basket weaves of silk, and such soft materials as crêpe meteore, cachemire de soie, crêpe de chine and crêpe charmeuse.

Broche silks and epingle velvets are also used. These are the modern adaptations of the old brocades. But do not be deceived; the new are quite different from the old materials.



Winter tailored costume of mouse-colored cloth, embroidered with a heavy cord of the same shade, and trimmed with velvet collar and satin revers of mouse gray. Made by Vagancy, Paris

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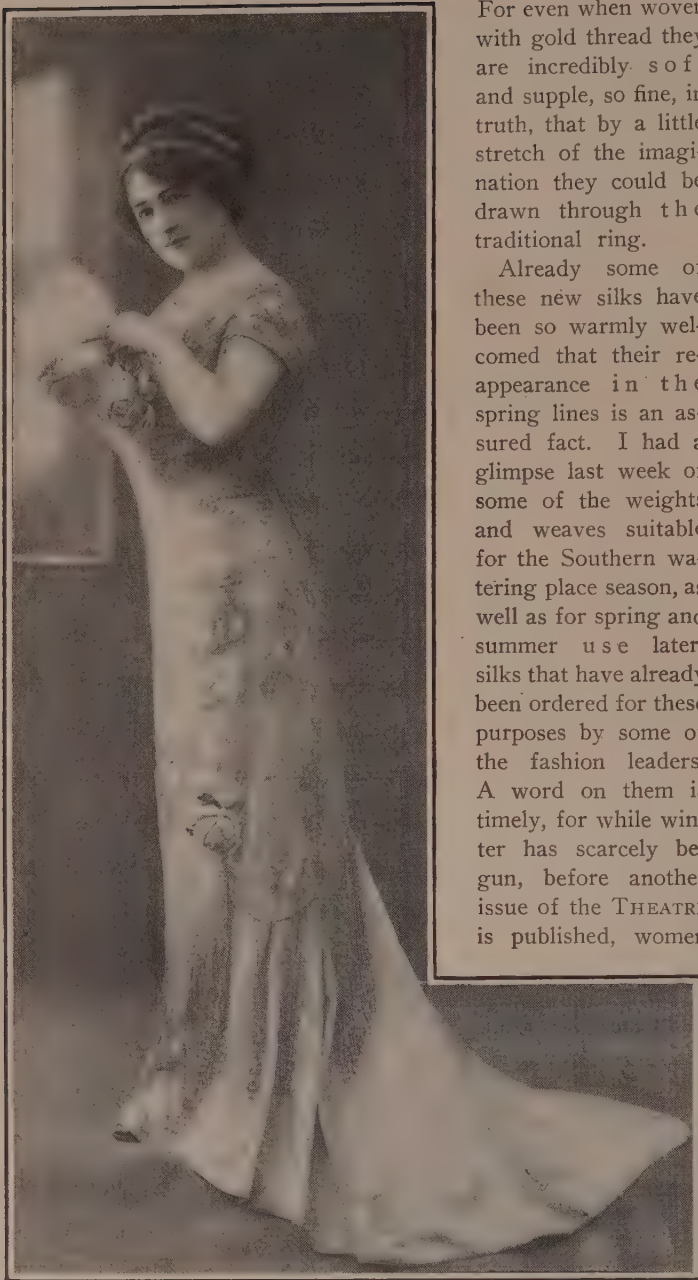


Photo Felix

The Montespan, a low-cut evening gown with skirt of rose moiré covered with a tunic of champagne tulle embroidered with gold and silver flowers strewed with diamond and coral beads and gold cabochons. A deep fringe of black pearls, diamonds and corals edges the tunic. Gold and rose moiré ornament the corsage and the tunic. Made by Badin, Paris

who go each year to Palm Beach or Cuba will be selecting their toilets for the warmer climate, just as on the other side they will be choosing them for the Riviera and Egypt.

Crepon silk will be the decided novelty for the coming season. Then there are some stunning new effects in ottoman, shantung and serge. Particularly beautiful are the Tussorah fabrics in these weaves, which are so appropriate for the construction of princess gowns. For the woman who wants the smartest kind of a motor coat there is motora cotelé, which is a heavy ribbed design, but quite light despite its appearance, and well suited to the construction of the separate coat or the tailored suit. However, for the tailored costume, whether it be composed of princess dress and coat or separate skirt and coat, there is motora cheviot, which comes in both plain and mixed effects in the wide-wale diagonal designs. Natural color or tan shades are always good for warm weather wear, but, between us, I believe they will become so common this year that it will be wiser to select some of the odd new shades for the Southern trip.

Certainly color plays an important part in the fashion procession. Time was when, particularly in this country, there was a vogue for some special color or shade, but now new tints are piled one upon the other so rapidly by reason of the advances made in the dyer's art during the last few years that each woman may select

For even when woven the shade of any color she thinks is most becoming to her and most suited for the occasions upon which she means to wear the frock. Then, again, there are combinations of color that are most bewitching. I have in mind a yellow satin foundation over which was draped a peacock blue chiffon, into which near the bottom of the skirt were set big medallions of black Chantilly lace over a gold mesh motif. The tunic came just below the knees and was made of a jet beaded voile or chiffon woven in rather a bold design. The same color idea could well be carried out with black Chantilly lace for the scarf drapery.

Already some of these new silks have been so warmly welcomed that their reappearance in the spring lines is an assured fact. I had a glimpse last week of some of the weights and weaves suitable for the Southern watering place season, as well as for spring and summer use later, silks that have already been ordered for these purposes by some of the fashion leaders. A word on them is timely, for while winter has scarcely begun, before another issue of the THEATRE is published, women

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A lovely black and white costume, the combinations is always good even though it be a trifle conspicuous, is made over a lustrous silk foundation. This is veiled with a fine white lace in spider-web pattern, and this again in black silk tulle showing glints of gold, while the trimming is jet.

By these two examples you will see that the material of the foundation is quite as important as is that of the tunic. In many cases, indeed, the silk or satin foundation shows below the tunic from a quarter to half a yard in depth. Therefore it is essential that it shall be of good quality, and one that carries out the fashion idea of suppleness. One of the silks that is equally good for the foundation dress as it is for the outer material is Salome silk. It is a fabric that has the lustrous sheen so highly desirable at present, and with just a few rough threads woven through it that give it a distinctive appearance. While the colorings and sheen are very attractive under artificial light, they are equally good for the light of day.

Chantilly lace, nets and chiffon are the materials much used for the draperies of both afternoon and evening gowns. And



Photo Manuel

Smart tailored costume of zibeline vicuna cloth trimmed with silk braid and an astrakhan collar. The plaited skirt is made with a yoke. Made for Mlle. Dolly of the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, by Green, Paris

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Photo Felix

The newest creation, the scarf-muff. Can be transformed at will into a scarf, or scarf and muff. Made of mousseline de soie and fur, by Zimmermann, Paris

almost invariably the foundation dress is of a different color from that of the tunic, as is the case with net. The fitted tunic, whether it be of silk or metal net, or one of the new beaded materials, is most attractive. The lower part of the bodice is generally covered by this tunic, which may fall just above or below the knees. Then there are the handsomely embroidered and beaded cuirasses of the Jeanne d'Arc type. These are shown in both afternoon and evening gowns. This cuirass extends from just beneath the arms to the hips or over them. There is generally a narrow band going over the shoulders, made of the same embroidery as the cuirass.

Tunics are weighted down around the bottom generally by their mode of trimming. Thus there are handsome jewelled bands, fringes, bands of fur, applications of richly encrusted gold or silver lace, wide velvet bands run through a deep hem, all of which add to the decoration of the gown, while also serving the practical purpose of keeping the transparent and filmy fabric close to the figure lines.

Sleeves are of more than usual importance this season. There is an absolute change in the style of sleeves, and, while almost any length may be selected for evening wear, for afternoon one has only the choice of the three-quarter or full-length with the fashionable preference in favor of the latter. But it is not the length so much as the outline of the sleeve that is changed. Madame Zimmermann recently said, "Some sleeves are very tight, while others are soft puffs." They are generally made of two materials, and sometimes even three, and in the cleverness of the combination of these materials, as well as in the cut, lies a great deal of the style value of the gown.

Speaking of Madame Zimmermann, I want to call your atten-

tion to the scarf-muff she has just created. This is truly a Parisian fancy, and one that is appropriate for afternoon visits, as it is for Southern wear. For the little scarf is so arranged that the muff may be worn or not, as the fancy dictates. Ever since the June exhibition of women's portraits by old masters, the fair Parisiennes who there saw the beauty of the soft scarfs have been devoted to them as the last touch to the dressy toilet. For the winter there have been prepared scarfs made of velvet, of mousseline de soie lined with plain or changeable soft silks or satin, some interlined with metal net or tissue, and all trimmed with fur bands and with accompanying muffs, so that this scarf-muff is certain to meet with a distinct success. Madame Zimmermann is a most charming woman of the utmost refinement, whose models show a decided originality combined with practicability. She told me one day when I remarked that her mannequins were so much larger than those employed by other dressmakers, "Yes, I want my customers to see exactly how the gowns will look on them, and as there are more women of medium and large figure than of the slender, not to say attenuated, form, I consider it wiser to select mannequins of the average figure." Therein she certainly showed her good sense.

Collars for afternoon gowns are high about the throat. These are of the transparent material of which the yoke is made. Fine net, tulle, lace are all employed for this purpose, and the collar

portion is well boned so as to hold it in position. There is a new collar support, the new Schloss, that is really ideal for all transparent collars, and is just the thing we have all been looking for to use with wash blouses. It consists of a thin bone set into silk webbing, and comes in sets of three. The webbing case is to be sewed to the dress collar, and when the blouse is to be sent to the laundry the bone can be readily taken out by means of the slit that extends about half the length of the webbing on the inner side. I have never seen a more perfect collar support. It does not scratch, it is impossible for it to slip out of place, and it only takes a moment to slip the bones in position again.



Photo Felix

The fashionable long fur coat in black caracul, trimmed with an ermine collar of new form. Made by Redfern, Paris



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Photo Felix

Afternoon costume, showing the fashionable combination of two materials, this being of chiffon cloth and supple Salome silk, with the white lace bodice veiled with chiffon. Made by Rondeau, Paris

The new evening and carriage wraps are of the all-enveloping type, as they should be. But how totally different they are from those which made glad the hearts of their wearers, and caused the envy and admiration of beholders last winter. The most exquisite broché silks, epinglé velvets, soft satins and rich, handsome Lyons silk velvet are used in their construction. And, then, the beauty of color in these sumptuous fabrics beggars description.

One magnificent garment, which I saw at Badin's, was made of ripe orange brocaded velvet and set off with bands of skunk. There was a sort of hood arrangement that was bordered in most happy fashion.

Then Redfern showed me a handsome carriage wrap of black Lyons velvet, ornamented with wide bands of jetted net that was studded at intervals with immense cut jet cabochons, and which was lined with a most artistic shade of rose broché silk. It was the sort of wrap that could be made to do duty both day and evening.

The use of fur was splendidly illustrated by Green in a three-quarter length mantle of white ermine with long pointed ends, front and back, and a smart surplice vest of the fur edged with a galloon in which were combined delicate colored silks and silver threads.

One of the many splendid wraps made by Martial and Armand is of supple crêpe meteore in a lovely shade of plum. It had a curious cut by which there was a long scarf beginning at the right shoulder, which yet seemed a part of the wrap, that was intended to be flung over the left shoulder, whence the long and deeply fringed shoulder hung half-way down the back. The fronts hung in low and unbroken folds to within a short distance of the

ground, and were quite without fastening of any sort, the scarf end being considered quite enough for that purpose.

Another novel wrap was of white silk Henrietta cloth made in the Arabian burnouse style, and so arranged that a hood could be drawn over the head if desired, yet when this was not in use it took not the shape of the conventional hood, but was simply a part of the full-back drapery.

Fur coats for carriage and evening wear are a trifle longer than those for street use, and mostly have a lovely curved movement at the bottom. The same movement is seen in fur, velvet and silk street coats, where the bottom is generally edged with a deep band of long-haired fur, such as fox, marten or skunk. The big shawl collar of long-haired fur is used on both street and evening garments, and a most becoming frame for the face as well as a comfortable adjunct to the coat it makes.

A friend who has just arrived in Paris writes me: "Knowing that you are just as much interested in the fashions as I am, I must tell you something of what I have found here, where I have come, not only for the new plays, but also to select my winter frocks. Really, everything is velvet, velutina for street and day wear, and the loveliest and softest of brocaded velvets for evening. Of course, with my build, you will think me crazy when I say I have ordered a brocaded velvet, but calm yourself, dear one, it is a big coat made of the most superb combination of soft yellow and brown tones imaginable, and lined with a gorgeous yellow broché silk. It is a peculiarly draped affair, with a big collar and bands of brown fox. If I do not create a sensation when I appear at the opera in that, I miss my guess. My short walking costume is of black velutina of a splendid lustre, with touches of royal-blue crêpe for trimming. This is made on simple, long lines. A cuirass bodice has the center front and back extending to the ground in a narrow panel effect. This cuirass is a trifle shorter at the sides of the front panel than it is in the back, the downward curve towards the back being particularly good. The sides of the skirt below the cuirass are of the velutina set in shallow plaits. The royal-blue crêpe is set in as a yoke and in tucks at the top of the sleeves. Part of the design is picked out in silver threads. The sleeves have a slightly bouffant effect at the elbows, and below this is set a queer little cuff of the crêpe finished with a deep lace ruffle that falls over the hand. The collar and narrow yoke are

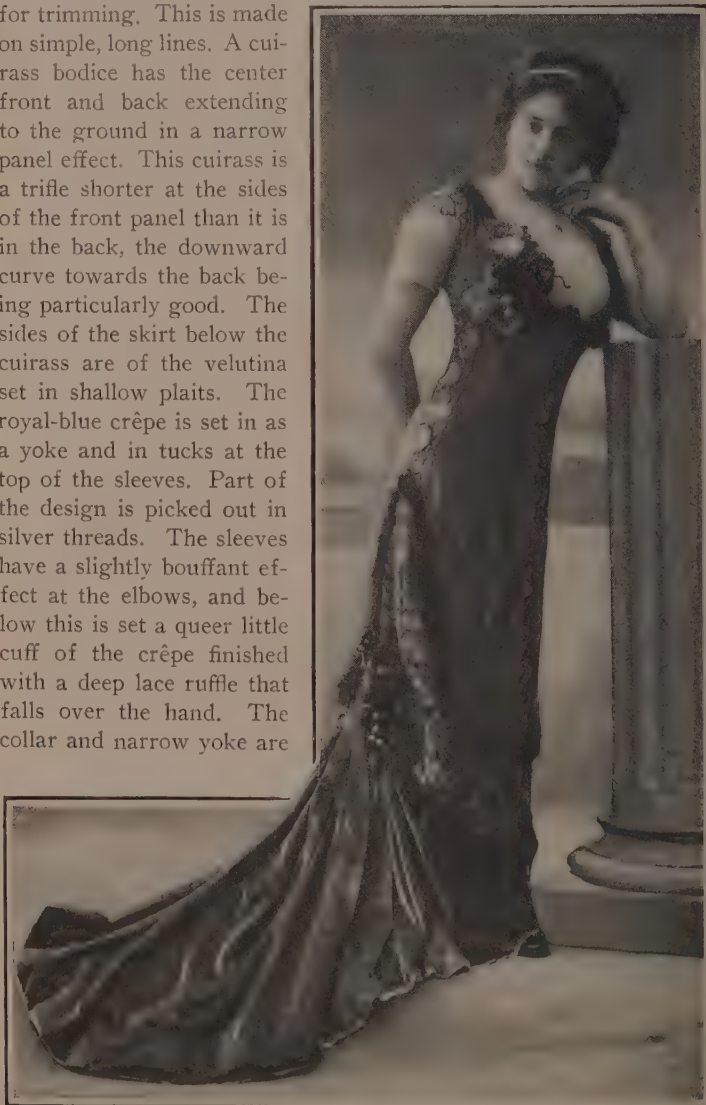


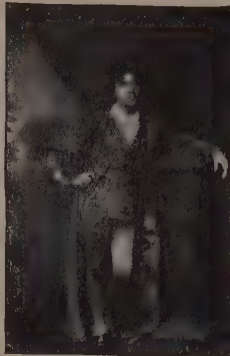
Photo Felix

Ninon evening gown of tilleul-green velvet covered with a tunic of gold net embroidered with large flowers in several shades of gold, and edged in skunk. The same fur borders the low neck, which is filled in with point d'Alençon lace, the same lace being used for the short sleeves. Bunches of grapes made of wood-brown liberty ornament both corsage and skirt. Made by Badin, Paris

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BY FORBES

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Photo Manuel

Large two-cornered turban of white felt with revers of royal-blue velvet and white brush aigrette. Worn by Madame Cora Richépin, and made by Carlier, Paris



Photo Manuel

The Watteau hat. Made of shirred gray satin with drapery of gray and gold ribbon. Made by Eliane, Paris

of the same lace. With this I shall wear, when necessary, my caracul coat, or a scarf of silver fox, which I was rash enough to order. Don't ask me the price, I should be ashamed to tell you how extravagant I have been, for you know that silver fox is worth its weight in gold.

"My afternoon costume is a lovely seal-brown velutina made with a short train. I quite insisted that it should lie on the ground a bit, because I want it for bridge, formal luncheons and such like affairs. I have had this made on the Louis XIII style, with a plain, full skirt that hangs in such lovely folds. The bodice is a long, pointed affair with a wide flat collar of old Venetian lace, soft puffed sleeves, with deep turn-back cuffs of the lace. Altogether, I flatter myself that I look as though I had just stepped from one of Vandyck's pictures when I get into that gown.

"With it I wear a lovely big hat of brown moiré, faced with velvet, and trimmed with plumes of a slightly lighter shade of brown. For the black trotteuse costume my hat is a Kalmuck turban of royal-blue panne, edged with skunk, with a queer jet

ornament dangling over the right ear. The Kalmuck is only the Russian turban in disguise.

"I like the new hats immensely. They fit so well on the head that one might even defy the winds of New York to disturb their equilibrium and their style. Some of the newest I notice are really triumphs of the milliner's art, for there is little or any trimming except what a right clever milliner can conjure out of material of some sort. Cockades, rosettes and stunning big bows are used on many of the smart hats, even the biggest, that are intended for day wear. Plumes and aigrettes are very evidently most favored for the restaurant dinner hat."

A new slipper has just been invented that has all the beauty of the opera slipper without any of its disadvantages. While preserving the form and outlines of the evening slipper, it is cut in an entirely different manner, so that it will not slip at the heel when walking or dancing. Thus it does away entirely with the unsightly instep and ankle straps, which so many women have heretofore been compelled to use.



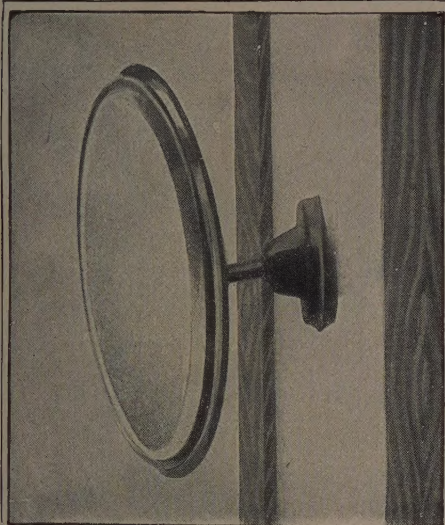
Photo Manuel

Draped turban of pearl-gray panne ornamented with a gray cross aigrette and Byzantine jewelled ornament. Made for Mlle. de Fouzolo, of the Odeon Theatre, by Carlier, Paris



Photo Manuel

The Russian Karkoff hat, made with a soft crown of Russian sable and ornamented with plumes set on in novel form. Movement of brim is admirable. Made by Eliane, Paris



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The new combination VACUUM MIRROR consists of a beautifully colored art design, crystalloid covered back, fine beveled glass mirror, about five inches in diameter. It is equipped with a set of rubber vacuum cups, or suckers, connected by small dumb-bell. The cups or suckers are slightly moistened, applied to back of mirror, then to window pane or any smooth surface.

Any man who shaves himself will readily appreciate the advantages offered in this new VACUUM MIRROR. Many of us have met with the annoying experience of trying to shave before a dresser mirror in a poorly lighted room—sometimes with serious results. The vacuum mirror can be INSTANTLY applied direct to the window pane, thus throwing the light on both sides of the face. Or it can be attached to any smooth surface near the gas jet or electric light for use at night.

The mirror is handy to carry while traveling. It is packed in a special compartment box and requires very little room in the grip or traveling bag. Just the thing for the lady's hand-bag. It can be INSTANTLY attached to any smooth surface and used in arranging the toilet on short notice. Must be seen and used to be appreciated.

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Facts Worth Knowing

One of the cleverest things I ran across in Paris, and which can be obtained here, is a coloring matter for the hair, intended for people whose hair is turning gray, yet who do not wish to use a dye. By the use of this new product the white hairs can be concealed for some time.

Its great advantage is that being made of vegetable substances it is quite harmless. Also it does not grease the hair like pomatum and cosmetics used for this purpose. It is put up in the form of soap, and is applied by means of a small brush especially made for the purpose. One has only to rub the brush lightly over the soap, and then apply that to the gray locks. A daily application may be made if desired.

Women who have adopted the cuirass bodice, whether made of jersey or other material contrasting to that of the skirt, or even when of the same material as the skirt, and always matching it in color, will be glad to learn of a fastener that will keep the two divisions of the costume firmly together. The two parts are flat, so that they do not hump and show through even the thinnest material. Then they are so quickly sewed to the garments, one to the skirt, the other to the cuirass that they should be used by all women who like to attain trimness and style by the way they wear their clothes. This same fastener when sewed to the placket hole of the skirt makes it impossible for the skirt to come unfastened and gape in that unsightly manner to be seen all too frequently.

It is equally excellent as a means of holding the shirtwaist and skirt together. For this purpose it may be used in one of two ways. At the waist-line in the back at about two inches from either side of the centre, these fasteners may be sewed to the waist, then the corresponding pieces are sewed inside the skirt belt in the same positions. After the skirt is on, the fasteners are adjusted. By this method the waist fits down smoothly in back, and there is no possibility of its parting company with the skirt. The other method is to use a half-inch black or white tape to which these fasteners come already sewed. This tape can be readily attached to the inner side of the skirt belt, and to the outer side of the waist at the waist-line. This is a particularly good way for women of full figure, as it keeps the waist from slipping up with the motion of the arms, and preserves the smooth figure line under every circumstance.

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

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A Pocket Golf. New and Fascinating. This is a most ingenious novelty which is both puzzle and game combined, as it can be played by one person or several. The cards, with representations of golf links are perforated with holes at correct distances, through which a split ring has to be passed in the endeavor to make the entire round of the course in regulation order, in the least possible number of moves. It calls for more ingenuity than would be supposed, and causes such infinite fun and amusement that it would not be surprising if some day it equalled the popularity of "Pigs in Clover." As a pastime for "shut-ins" or as a game suitable for use on the cars while traveling, it is easily the best newest thing out. By all means try the Bogey Game.

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This is the season of the year when society labors cheerfully in the cause of sweet charity. One of the most important affairs of the winter is scheduled for November 20, when the Foire Normande will be given at the Waldorf-Astoria for the benefit of the Ecole Maternelle Française (French Nursery) by the lady patronesses under the chairmanship of Mme. F. Brooks Cherbulies. A bevy of beautiful young ladies and matrons all attired as peasants will preside at the various booths and special attractions. The costumes and the decorations of the tables have been purchased in Europe by the president, Mme. Brooks, who just returned from a trip abroad. A choice of very pretty Parisian novelties will also be displayed, giving a real French tone to the bazaar. The special feature for children will be Guignol (Punch and Judy) also a host of enjoyable other games. A magnificent vase of Sèvres porcelain, the gift of the President of the French Republic in recognition of the splendid work of the Ecole, will be sold by auction in the evening. A dance for the young people will close that festival.



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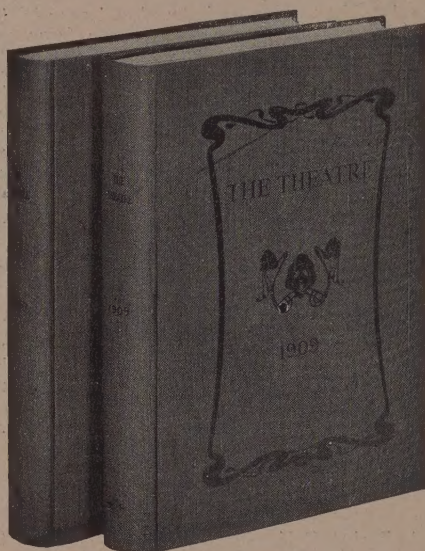
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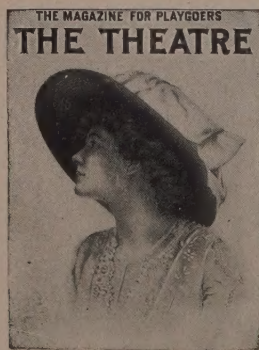
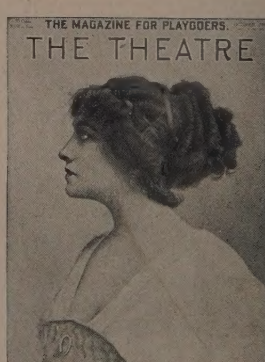
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